

MISCELLANIES

IN

Dup

PROSE and VERSE,

ON

11632.6.16.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

BY

CLAUDERO,

SON of NIMROD the Mighty HUNTER.

— *Abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva.* HOR.



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MISCELLANEOUS

THE ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

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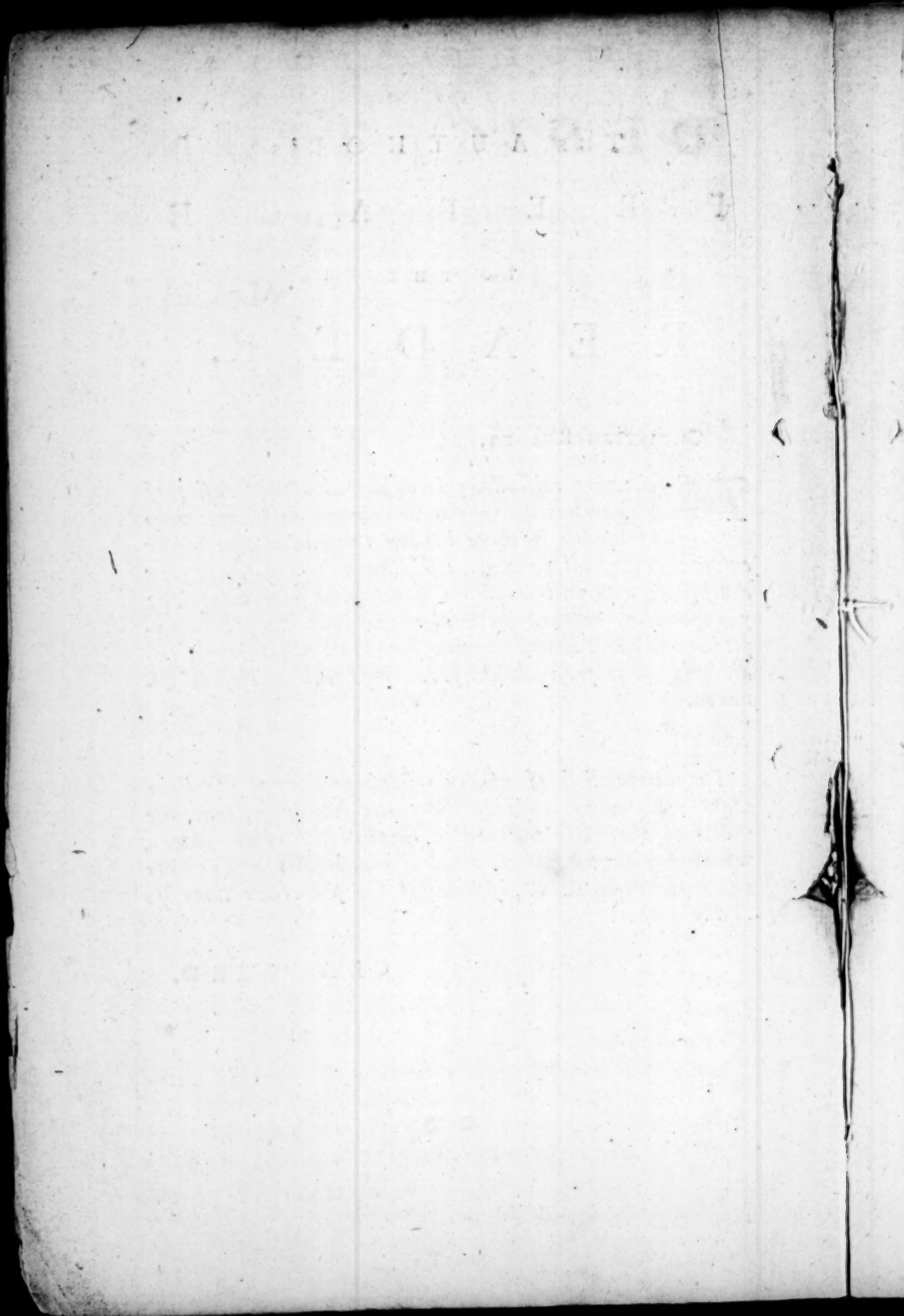
THE AUTHOR'S
P R E F A C E
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

CHRISTIAN READER,

THE following miscellany is published at the desire of many gentlemen, who have always been my very good friends: if there be any thing in it amusing or entertaining, shall be very glad I have contributed to your diversion; and will laugh as heartily at your money, as you do at my works. Several of my pieces may need explanation, but I am too cunning for that; what is not understood, (like presbyterian preaching) will at least be admired.

I am regardless of critics: Perhaps some of my lines want a foot; but then if the critic look sharp out, he will find that loss sufficiently supplied in other places, where they have a foot too much; and, besides, mens works generally resemble themselves; if the poems are lame, so is the author.

CLAUDERO.



DEDICATION.

TO THE REVEREND

MR. DAVID DISMAL,

AND TO THE REVEREND

MR. LAUHLAN LARBERT,

Both PROPHETS and MINISTERS of the
KIRK of SCOTLAND.

GENTLEMEN,

A^S you are both contemporary writers with myself, and treat of marvellous matters too, I am induced, from a real regard for sublime authors, as bearing a near resemblance to my own genius, to give you the honour of an address on the frontispiece of this publication; hoping your kindred souls may glow with gratitude, and you may be inspired to foretell, that the following sheets shall preserve a reputation co-eval with your own predictions, and that they both shall be read and admired when the alcoran of Mahomet is no more.

Bishop Tillotson was surely a novice in expounding mystical writings when he says * (by way of excuse for his ignorance) " There are people who are not contented
" with the plain wholesome food of the gospel, but must
" be gratified with sublime notions and unintelligible mysteries, with nice and unprofitable disputes, with bold
" interpretations of dark prophecies, and peremptory determinations of what will happen next year, and a

* Serm. 159, p. 223, vol. 7. 12mo edit.

D E D I C A T I O N.

“punctual stating of the time when antichrist shall be
“thrown down, and Babylon shall fall, and who shall
“be employed in this work.”

A fig for Tillotson's opinion.——He was no presbyterian; but Whig and Tory in their turn, as the wind of state veer'd about, and never looked after any other thing than the preservation of a good fat living.

Verily I say unto you, the whore of Babylon. (now an old bawd) shall be put into the powdering tub, and converted into chastity by cudgelling: Yea, there shall be presbyterian pimps and whores in our land, when there shall be neither Pope nor whore in Rome.——Blood and gore shall overspread Turks and Tartars, and mosques and synagogues shall be levelled with the face of the earth.——Jews shall become christians, christians become kings and princes, and there shall be no subjects in those days.——Satan too shall be shut up in the bottomless pit, and the noise of the spiritual warriors, the hue and cry after him shall cease. The *Hawk* of Prussia shall become an *Eagle*, and ascend the imperial throne of Germany; Muscovia rats shall gormandize on the delicious honey of Asia, and the devil shall go over Jack Webster, but our works shall remain unchanged amidst the crush and metamorphosis of empires.

The Apocalypse is now no longer under an eclipse, and the prophecies of Daniel are, by your scrutinies rendered as plain as a pike-staff. 'Tis owing to your profound wisdom, that we know when the seraglio of the Grand Turk shall be herried by Russian constables, as a common bawdy-house, and your penetration has even descry'd the very year, day of the month, and hour of the day, when those accursed limmers shall be clapp'd up in a christian correction-house.

They must be great infidels indeed, who doubt of the completion of these things, and profane scoffers, who laugh at the whole lump of your predictions; for both of you are well assured, from the justness of your computations, and the belief you have wrought up in your own noddles, that the grand æra of completion is Anno Dom. 1773, and that the destruction of the scarlet whore and of Mahomet, &c. are at the very door.

DEDICATION.

Some malignant unbelievers may say, "Had those reverend gentlemen been put under an antipblistic regimen, and properly blooded and blistered, we should then have been deprived of their predictions."

What an impious saying is this! And what a loss would this have been to the reputation of the Presbyterian world! For by means of the pious David Dismal, and the learned Lauchlan Larbert, we can now lay betts on our Christian cocks against those Mahometan and Antichristian poultry, and are as sure of gaining the wager, as if we had the infidels money already in our custody.

The reverend Lauchlan Larbert has himself laid great betts, and bids fair to pick the pockets of all the infidels in his parish: He is as sure of 600 l. already wagered, as the nose is on his face; but has himself only ventured to oppose 50 l. to the above sum; from which other Christians of his persuasion, should, in imitation of their prophet, not be fool-hardy, but take up the infidels at the greatest disadvantage.

'Tis thought by many, that this reverend gentleman will be in a condition to lay out several thousand pounds upon good personal or heretable security, against Martinmas 1773; not gained by preaching, but prophesying; which last is by far a quicker method of making a man's fortune; for, had not he peeped narrowly into the dark abysses of Daniel, and the towering obscurities of St. John, it is certain he never would have been able to have exalted himself above the dignity of a Presbyter of the kirk of Scotland, that is, he would (according to the proverb) always have been *from hand to mouth*.

Every news-paper brings fresh confirmations to the credulous, that Mahomet and Antichrist *are fallen! are fallen!* And that the Russians, *those good Christians*, are drench'd, both fleet and army, with the blood of those Heretics.—This makes your prophecies of much greater value than the poems of Claudero, and raises an emulation in me to shelter my sheets under the protection of the wings of the prophets of my country.

The reverend David Dismal now loudly blames his unbelieving friends, who restrained him from publishing

D E D I C A T I O N.

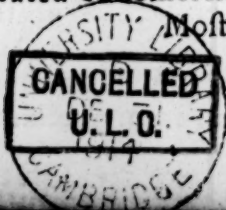
a huge volume of predictions, and for allowing Lauchlan Larbert to have the start of him; when, lo! the time of fulfilling is come, and the prophecies of his brother Lauchlan, bound in calf, are picking up the cash from Dan even to Beersheba, while, alas! an armsful of poor David Dismal's prophetic works lie as lumber in a garret, food for mice and rats, who have often filled their bellies with the mysterious, but precious stuff.

Many years ago, those sacred predictions filled the prophet's head to such a degree, that he, on a sultry summer's day, called many thousands together, when, under the favour of some flashes of lightning, and some smart thunder-claps, he foretold wonderful and amazing events, to the great consternation of his audience, who were frightened into the belief of every syllable.

Some scraps of those marvellous ebullitions were imperfectly taken down by Mr. David's hearers, and published by the Rake-hell Printer of Edinburgh, who never communicated one penny of the *profits* with the *prophet*, but bellowed them thro' town and country for his own benefit, by a parcel of naked hawkers, the disgrace of literature, whether prose, prophecy, or poetry.

Methinks, however, Gentlemen, that you ought, not, as the Camizars of old, but in imitation of Thomas the Rhymer, to have wrapt up your prophecies in uncouth and dark verse, and left the world to interpret them in the same way as fools do the clink of bells; yet the pious Peden uttered his valuable predictions, much after your own manner, and such a masterly prophet as he, is surely worthy of your imitation.

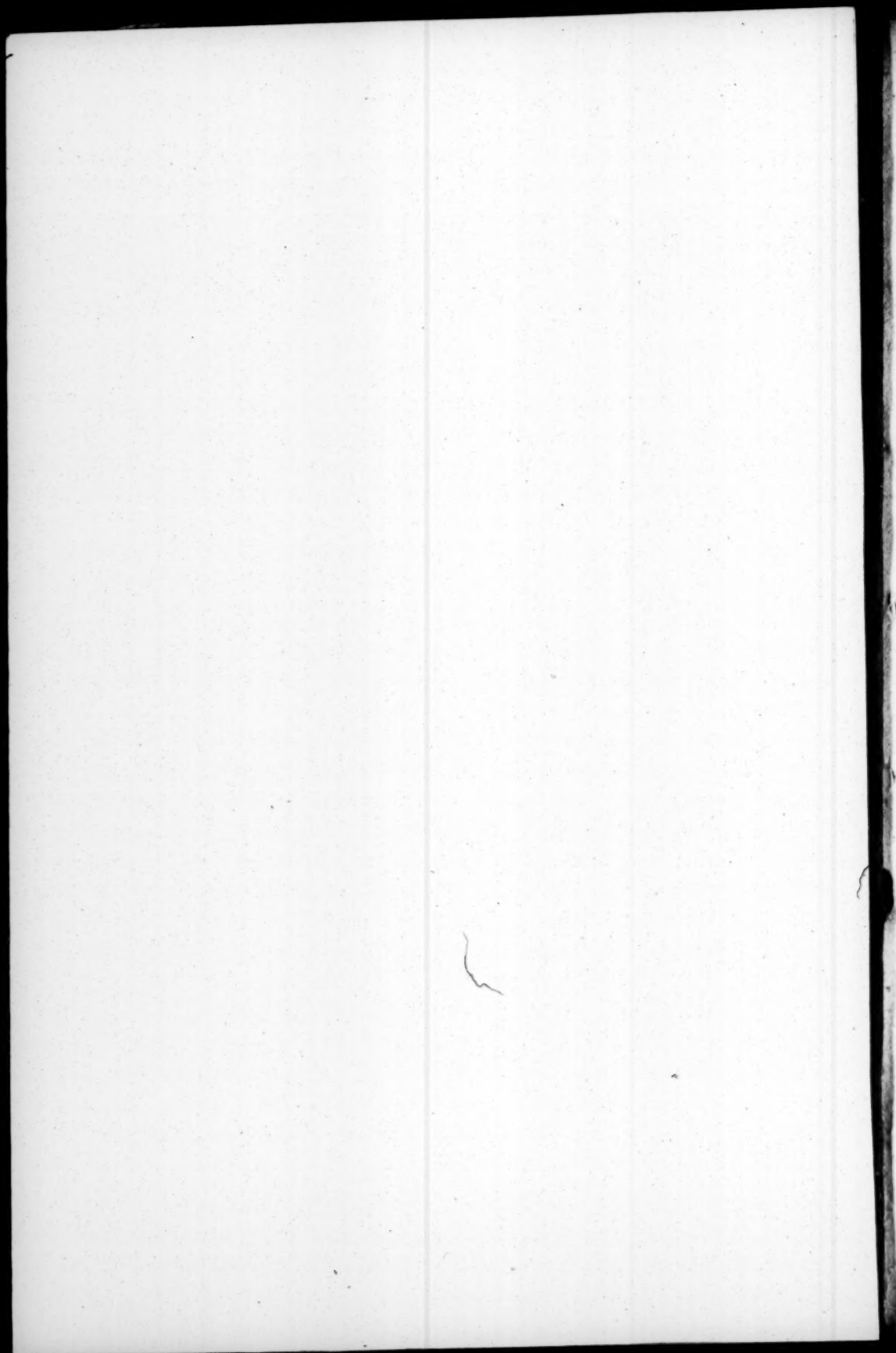
To conclude, Gentlemen, I make no doubt but our readers will be more diverted than edified by any thing you or I have presented them.—In this view then, let our labours walk abroad, while you and I reap the fruits of their respective travels at home, carefully avoiding being witnesses to the innumerable curses daily poured upon our ludicrous brains, by our much abused and cheated customers. I am,



Most celebrated Prophets,

Your devoted humble Servant,

C L A U D E R O.



James Wilson
James Clarendon
A
11632. B. 17
16

COLLECTION

Clarendon, pseud.
K

OF

POEMS.

The ECHO *of the* ROYAL PORCH *of the*
PALACE *of* HOLY-ROOD-HOUSE,
which fell under Military Execution,
Anno 1753.

YE Sons of MARS, with black cockade,
Who wear the gun and murd'ring blade,
Against your foes in battle hot,
And die, or conquer on the spot ;
To devastation ye are bred,
By blood ye swear, and blood's your trade.
No—— (Echo then reply'd aloud,)
They do not always deal in blood ;
Nor yet in breaking human bones ;
For *Quixotte*-like they knock down stones.
Regardless they the mattock ply,
To root our *Scots* antiquity.

A

My aged arch for cent'ries ten
 Hath spared been by *Scottish* men.
 As *Judah's* porches, sacred mine,
 Where **KINGS** did rule by right divine.
 Your antient **KINGS** did enter here,
 Tho' strangers now for many a year;
 And many barons in my sight,
 Were honour'd with the title, **KNIGHT**,
 Whose race now tamely sees my fall,
 Relentless at my mournful call.
 When *Red-coats* struck, I loud did shriek,
 And to **AULD REIKIE** thus did speak :
What is my crime ? Oh ! what my blot ?
AULD REIKIE cry'd, *Thou'rt an old SCOT.*
What then ? my Echo loud did cry,
Must Scots antiquity now die ?
Yes, cry'd AULD REIKIE, die you must,
*For * * * * * at you has a disgust.*
 My cross likewise, of old renown,
 Will next to you be tumbled down ;
 And by degrees each antient place
 Will perish by this modern race.
 My Echo then did loud rebound,
 With cries which shook the neighb'ring ground ;
 And, all amaz'd, the soldier bands
 Suspended stood with trembling hands ;
 While these sad accents I let fly,
 Which sharply pierc'd the azure sky :
 Adieu, **EDINA**, now adieu,
 Fair **SCOTIA's** glory's gone.
 This said, she bow'd her antient head,
 And gave the final groan.
EDINA echo'd then aloud,
 And bid her long farewell ;
 The *Calton-hill* and *Arthur's seat*
 Did ring her parting knell.

*The last Speech and dying words of the CROSS
of Edinburgh, which was hanged, drawn
and quartered, on Monday the 15th of
March 1756, for the horrid crime of being
an Incumbrance to the Street.*

YE sons of SCOTIA, mourn and weep,
Express your grief with sorrow deep,
Let aged fires be bath'd in tears,
And ev'ry heart be fill'd with fears;
Let rugged rocks with grief abound,
And Echos multiply the sound;
Let rivers, hills, let woods and plains,
Let morning dews, let winds and rains,
United join to aid my woe,
And loudly mourn my overthrow. —
For *Arthur's Ov'n* * and *Edinburgh Cross*,
Have, by new schemers, got a tofs;
We, heels o'er head, are tumbled down,
The modern taste is *London* town.

I was built up in *Gothic* times,
And have stood sev'ral hundred reigns;
Sacred my mem'ry and my name,
For kings and queens I did proclaim.
I peace and war did oft declare,
And rous'd my country ev'ry where:
Your ancestors around me walk'd;
Your kings and nobles 'side me talk'd;
And lads and lasses, with delight,
Set tryst with me to meet at night;
No tryster e'er was at a loss,
For why, *I'll meet you at the Cross.*

A 2

* A piece of very great antiquity, the property of a gentleman near Falkirk, who destroyed it to build up a mill-dam head on the river Carron. — But the river (swelled, as it were, with resentment) soon swept it off.

I country people did direct
 Through all the city with respect,
 Who, missing me, will look as droll
 As mariners without the pole.
 On me great men have lost their lives,
 And for a *maiden* left their wives.
 Low rogues likewise oft got a peg
 With turnip, t—d, or rotten egg;
 And when the mob did miss their butt,
 I was bedaub'd like any slut.
 With loyal men, on loyal days,
 I drest myself in lovely bays,
 And with sweet apples treat the croud,
 While they huzza'd around me loud.

Professions many have I seen,
 And never have disturbed been,
 I've seen the *Tory* party slain,
 And *Whigs* exulting o'er the plain:
 I've seen again the *Tories* rise,
 And with loud shouting pierce the skies,
 Then crown their king, and chace the *Whig*,
 From *Pentland-hill* to *Bothwell-brig*.
 I've seen the cov'nants by all sworn,
 And likewise seen them burnt and torn.
 I neutral stood, as peaceful *Quaker*,
 With neither side was I partaker.

I wish my life had longer been,
 That I might greater ferlies seen;
 Or else like other things decay,
 Which Time alone doth waste away:
 But since I now must lose my head,
 I, at my last, this lesson read:
 "Tho' wealth, and youth, and beauty shine,
 "And all the graces round you twine,
 "Think on your end, nor proud behave,
 "There's nothing sure this side the grave."

Ye jolly youths, with richest wine,
 Who drunk my dirge, for your propine,
 I do bequeath my lasting boon:
 May heav'n preserve you late and soon;

May royal wine, in royal bowls,
And lovely women chear your souls,
Till by old age you gently die,
To live immortal in the sky.

To own my faults I have no will,
For I have done both good and ill :
As to the crime for which I die,
To my last gasp, *Not guilty, I.*
But to this magisterial hate
I shall assign the pristine date.
When the intrepid, matchless *CHARLES*
Came here with many *Highland CARLS*,
And o'er my top, in public sight,
Proclaim'd aloud his *FATHER'S RIGHT* ;
From that day forth it was agreed,
That I should as a *REBEL* bleed ;
And at this time they think it meet
To snatch my fabric off the street,
Lest I should tell to them once more
The tale I told ten years before.

At my destroyers bear no grudge,
Nor do you stain their mason-lodge,
Tho' well may all by-standers see
That better masons built up me.
The royal statue in the clofe
Will share the fate of me, poor *CROSS* ;
Heav'ns, earth, and seas, all in a range,
Like me, will perish for *Exchange*.

*The serious Advice and Exhortation of the
Royal Exchange to the CROSS of Edin-
burgh, immediately before its execution.*

MY aged parent, hear my voice,
And cease to make this doleful noise ;
Submit yourself unto your doom,
Royal Exchange comes in your room ;

My polish'd stones, of modern date,
 One day will share my parent's fate ;
 And in your fall mine own I see :
 What's modern now will antient be.
 All nature changes in its turn,
 Worlds sometimes drown, and sometimes burn ;
 Yea, heav'n shrinks below the rod
 Of the eternal changeless G O D.

To your last words I was attent,
 Which made my heart of stone relent ;
 Your aged speeches, full of sense,
 Acquir'd by long experience,
 Made zealous *Whigs*, and hopeful *Tories*,
 Jointly thank you for your stories ;
 Both parties herein did agree,
 That you was used cruelly.
 When honest men are high in place,
 Rogues are hung up with cover'd face ;
 When rogues have power, sham justice too
 Will hang the honest up like you.
 The *Luckenbooths*, *Weigh-house*, and *Guard*,
 By the new scheme, will not be spar'd ;
 For modish people think it meet,
 That houses be swept off the street.
 Into my bowels as an urn,
 You'll all be bury'd in your turn ;
 Then, phoenix-like, again you'll rise,
 And soar with me into the skies.
 Grand is the scheme, and its intent
 Is order, use, and ornament.
 My builders skill'd are in each lecture
 Of masonry and architecture ;
 Can build a Cross, or pull it down,
 And from a rock extract a town ;
 Can work to old taste or to new,
 Therefore the antients they out-do.
 Your crimes, dear father, now repent,
 Mourn for the life that you have spent ;
 For witness often you have stood,
 And have suck'd up much gentle blood.

A vi'lent death therefore you share,
 That all blood-suckers may beware.
 Num'rous examples testify,
 That blood for blood doth vengeance cry;
 None merciful will mourn the loss
 Of you, a cruel bloody CROSS.

*On Repairing of the Abbey-kirk of Holy-rood-
 House.*

HAVE I been sleeping, in a trance, or dead ?
 Sure now I live, and rear my antient head ;
 Then tell me, *Calton-hill* and *Arthur's seat*,
 Why I'm reviv'd and wakened of late,
 What is the cause ? oh ! tell, you buildings rare,
 No king frequents the royal house of pray'r.
 Why have I silent been these hundred years ?
 My altar quite forsook : no pray'rs, no tears,
 T'implore heav'n's mercy on a sinful land,
 And deprecate God's wrath when nigh at hand ?
 None of the royal race sure here remain,
 Or, if they do, apostatiz'd they reign,
 Neglecting heav'n, and ev'ry other thing,
 That peace and honour to their subjects bring.
 A *STUART* was king when I fell fast asleep,
 Then bishops here did fervent worship keep :
 Their successors, I fear, quite void of grace,
 Have ceas'd to worship in this holy place.
 Are pious churchmen from this kingdom gone ?
 Have *Scottish* kings now abdicate their throne ?
 Are kings and rev'rend bishops in exile ?
 And hath religion fled fair *Scotia's* isle ?
 Yet, if they're banish'd, sure they'll fast come home,
 Else, why do masons now repair my dome ?
 Tell me, if *Presbyt'ry*, that upstart new,
 Has come in place of the *Catholics* true ?
 Perhaps they proudly aim at nothing less
 Than my devoted walls now to possess.

How strange the changes churches undergo !
Catholics me possess'd not long ago,
 With pious hearts they worship'd God with tears,
 Tho' they have been suppress'd these many years.
 Long have I slept, and wish'd to have slept on,
 Till rous'd by Catholic devotion.
 Heretics much I hate, not orthodox,
 Fomenting dire discord, like old *John Knox* ;
 Who rend the church for their own private views,
 More hurt they do than unbelieving *Jews*.
 Where is the *Abbey Porch*, the city *Cross* ?
 To know this place, I'm greatly at a loss.
 Such changes much my aged sight confound ;
 Except these hills, all things are chang'd around.
 The river keeps its course upon the north,
 I think they call it still the *Frith of Forth* ;
 But all things else wear quite a diff'rent face,
 The *Scots* united seem to *Saxon* race.
 Where is your king and *Scottish* parliament ?
 Why was I wak'd to see this dire event ?
 Where are your nobles now ? they seem but few,
 And what remain seem careless of you too.
 Where are your pow'rful chiefs of ev'ry clan,
 Whose native valour always led the van
 Of conqu'ring armies, whose resistless might
 Great vict'ries won, defending *Scotland's* right ?
 Are they exil'd, or do they now bear arms,
 To shield themselves from foreign foes alarms ?
 Your sons impress'd, and forc'd to foreign fields,
 To draw their swords, and to oppose their shields :
 Such changes for the worse add to my grief,
 Where strays the hero wishes you relief ?
 It cruel was to set within my view
 Impending ills that hang o'er *Scotland* now ;
 Happier, had I been still allowed to ly
 Dormant, or dead, to all eternity.

*Scotland in Tears for the horrid Treatment of
their Kings Sepulchres.*

RAGE, vengeance, fury, aid my pen,
To lash the worst of wicked men;
A sordid wretch, of honour void,
And ev'ry virtue else beside;
From dunghill sprung; of breeding mean;
A beast in human shape unclean.——
Mistake me not, I do not blame
The country fair from whence he came,
There's miscreants both here and there,
Which neither kingdom ought to spare.

Let *Scotia's* sons then hear my theme,
And join to curse the hated name.
Of this vile wretch, who, in disdain,
Did our most hallow'd places stain.
With sacrilegious disrespect,
An *office-house* he did erect,
Within the *Abbey's* sacred shrine,
Where long the dust of kings had lain,
Both undisturb'd, and much rever'd,
By pious *Scots* held in regard.

Our kings, our princes, there do ly,
Whose souls are now above the sky;
Those royal heroes, whose command
Extended over *Scotia's* land;
The darlings of their country too,
Who made its en'mies often bow;
In bloody fields who dangers shar'd,
And oft the arms of *England* dar'd;
Must now be basely shitt upon,
By an unworthy *English* drone,
Who boasts himself, to his disgrace,
He stain'd with dung our kings bare face.

O! royal GEORGE, our sov'reign dear,
Unto this story lend an ear;

Hear how the bones of antient kings
 Are treated like to common things !
 Our royal JAMESSES, from whose veins
 The blood did flow by which GEORGE reigns,
 Their sacred dust, by vile intent,
 Lies mingled with base excrement.
 By punishment severe and ample,
 To all the world make him example
 That no presumpt'ous wretch again
 May royal ashes thus profane.

Edina's sons, indignant view,
 The gross affront that's done to you ;
 Shew your resentment at this deed,
 For which all loyal hearts do bleed ;
 And hate the rogue who did the blame,
 But not the place from whence he came.
 'Tis liker to *Batavian* tricks,
 Who trample on the crucifix,
 And treat religion with disdain,
 In order to enhance their gain :
 But *England's* sons, more pious far,
 Are good in peace, and brave in war ;
 Fair virtue is the only pole,
 By which they steer unto the goal
 Of honour, trade and happiness,
 And heav'n rewards them with success.
 Such sacrilegious wicked men
 Are held by them in great disdain ;
 And fame records, perhaps 'tis true,
 They also gave this rogue his due ;
 When with impious breath he vaunted,
 How he had shit on kings undaunted ;
 They whip'd him with great indignation,
 And almost sent him to damnation.
 Let *Britons* all his crime detest,
 And scarcely wish the villain blest ;
 While injur'd *Scots* his *due* afford,
 By dragging him thro' *Tumble-Turd*.*

* A river (somewhat less than the Thames) that carries off the filth from Edinburgh.

*An Elegy on the much lamented Death of
Quaker Erskine, or Quakerism compared
with Presbytery.*

WHAT dreary news is this I hear ?
What doleful tale thus strikes mine ear ?
No common loss sure this must be,
That draweth tears from ev'ry eye.
No trivial loss, the loss is great,
Mourn, mourn, the church, and mourn, the state ;
Mourn, *Ed'nburgh*, both suburbs and city,
For *ERSKINE*'s death, be fill'd with pity.
From youth-hood to his dying day
He to us both did preach and pray ;
The gospel free he did dispense,
And for it ne'er took pounds or pence,
Unlike the canters of our day,
Who'll neither to us preach or pray,
Unless we pay two thousand merks,
Besides their Beadles charge and clerks ;
And tho' they have the foresaid rent,
Yet de'il ha'e them if they're content
But do apply to parliament,
Their stipend further to augment.
Oh happy country sure and blest,
Where from the clergy they find rest !
But where shall we this kingdom find ?
Not till in heav'n, this is design'd.
Here *Gib* damns *Ralph*, and *Ralph* damns *Gib*,
Both damn the *Cameronian* tribe ;
While *Whitefield* comes, prays God save a',
Then takes our cash, and runs awa' :
Unlike those, like 'postle *Paul*,
ERSKINE liv'd by honest call ;
Our souls with gospel he did cheer,
Our bodies too with ale and beer.
Gratis he gospel got, and gave away,
For ale and beer he only made us pay ;

His ale and beer were always best,
 For which in heav'n he's highly blest.
 If there were stipend in the case,
 Fast for his kirk our priests would chase ;
But where there is not store of wealth,
Souls are not worth the cure of health ;
 And for his kirk our clergy will not plea,
 Vacant his kirk but not his brewerie.
 Each canting presbyter, when he dies,
 Gets to his fame high elegies,
 And, whether they deserve or not,
 They are set forth without a blot.
 But here, alas ! no risk we run,
 His character can't be out-done ;
 For truth and honest probity,
 No man e'er liv'd could him out-vy.
 Some chuse Mafs *James*, some chuse Mafs *John*,
 Some curse the power of a patron ;
 But all are in a gross mistake,
 'Till they convert to honest QUAKE.
 Now honest QUAKERS, best of men !
 Mourn, mourn for him with heavy mane ;
 For by yea and nay, or by G—d d—— n,
 The Quaker was an honest man.

A Farewell to the General Assembly.

YE fleshers, sheathe your reeking knives ;
 Of GOD's creation spare the lives ;
 Relent the slaughter you have made,
 And mourn a moment o'er the dead !
 Great bulls did roar, with dying groans,
 And slaughter'd were for our *Mafs Johns* ;
 The smaller cattle, calves and lambs,
 Were snatched from their mournful dams ;
 At the Assembly lost their lives,
 To stuff the clergy and their wives,

Nor did the grunting nasty sow,
 Th' abomination of a *Jew*,
 Escape the lust of this *black-band*,
 Who raise a dearth o'er all the land.
 The feather'd tribe, goose, duck, and hen,
 Were in infinite numbers slain;
 To satisfy their hunger keen,
 Such devastation ne'er was seen.
 The *Forth* was plunder'd of its fish,
 That they might have a dainty dish;
 Salmon, cod, and cabelow,
 Into their bellies they did stow;
 At oysters too they did not bogle,
 Which made them at our ladies ogle,
 And carnal weapons keenly ply,
 Well cover'd with hypocrisy.
 But to their glebes they now are fled,
 With their big guts well stuff'd and fed.
 Each parish now has got its drone,
 To croak, and hum, and howl, and groan,
 Except the priest of *Durifdeer*,
 Depos'd for loving carnal cheer,
 Tho' all the brethren must confess,
 They love it either more or less.
 Now gladness shines in every face,
 Since their fat paunches left the place;
 We only dread the coming year
 Of their assembled bellies here.

CLAUDERO to WHITEFIELD.

NOW, zealous pig-ey'd *English* quack,
 Arriv'd again with loaded pack,
 Pray what now have you got to sell?
 Can you insure *Scots* souls from hell;
 Or do you come to cry, Repent,
 Give me your money, I'm a saint,
 And in return you shall have grace
 To put into your money's place.

Pray, can you show a nearer road
 How men may reach the blest'd abode,
 Than pulpiteers into our isle ?
 Or do our preachers us beguile ?
 That you thus singly do oppose
 Yourself against spiritual foes.
 Plays, balls, assemblies, and the de'il,
 Your zealous fury often feel.
 The play-house, Sir, you ought to spare,
 For often there you had a share ;
 The stage supply'd you, in your need,
 'Till you fell into better bread.
 Like *Æsop's* daw, you've turn'd your coat,
 Among the pigeons now you've got,
 Where you are well supply'd and fed
 By honest doves that are blind-led :
 But, dread the cheat may come to light,
 And blinded pigeons get their sight ;
 Then you'll be stript of all that's good,
 And sent to starve into the wood.
 Can you afford us cheaper meal ?
 Or from the country drive the de'il ?
 Then chain him fast up with a bridle ;
 And so lay all our clergy idle ?
 Can you make Whig and Tory 'gree,
 And beat the *French* by land and sea ?
 Can you from press bands ease our fears,
 Recruit our fleets with volunteers ?
 If you can all these things do well,
 None here more welcome than yourself ;
 But if you cannot these effect,
 To *England* go and break your neck.
 No more your accent we admire,
 Nor yet your blazing zealous fire ;
 High sound for sense no more we'll take,
 Though you should cry till your heart ake.
 With sectaries you never join,
 But slyly glean from all the coin ;
 An instance of your sordid view :
 'Tis money, *Whitefield*, pleases you.

Be not such fools, my countrymen,
Nor suffer rogues your coin to drain;
These foreign quacks are whillie-whaws,
Keep your fish-guts to your sea-maws.

*A Description of Notar Creech.
Henry Waddell writer in Edinburgh
To amend, not expose, is the bent of my mind,
A reproof is quite lost when ill-nature is join'd.*
SPECTATOR.

THE following lines, I do intend,
Shall neither church nor state offend;
But, on the contrair, hope they'll please
Each honest reader who them sees.

A fordid miser here I'll dress,
And squeeze his vice in printer's press.
To lash the vice, conceal the man,
I shall endeavour all I can:
Therefore I'll hide the real name,
Perhaps the wretch I may reclaim;
But if I don't, I in lampoon,
Will scourge his vice thro' all the town:
Yes, thro' the town, and country too,
His character I will pursue!
Ye scriblers of the better sort,
I hope you'll patronize me for't:
For slyly down the net is spread,
To catch CLAUDERO, if he tread
A step upon forbidden ground,
Or write to common metre found:
Therefore, with *Hudibrastic* measure,
I hope to shun their grand displeasure.
I never do intend a war
With pulpit, or town-council bar:
Tho' not for love, yet sure for fear,
These two wise poets will revere:
Neither of these dare to deride,
Lest you be term'd a suicide.

Therefore their awful hands I'll kiss,
 Because, forsooth, they're *major vis*.
 So, without making more ado,
 The miser's vice I will pursue.

ASSIST me, muse, here to describe
 A miser of the notar tribe,
 Who does at session time appear,
 Summer and winter ev'ry year,
 And thereby gathers meikle gear.
 Near *Bothwell-brig*, where rebel Whigs
 Lay scatter'd up and down the rigs,
 This miser was both born and bred,
 And with the herds was fed and clad :
 Sour-milk, green whey, and whangs of cheese,
 Did mightily this youngster please ;
 Milk-pottage, sowens, and butter yellow,
 Did blow him up a stout big fellow.
 He did attend some country schools,
 'Till he could rhyme *Despauter's* rules ;
 Next to the law he did apply,
 And learn'd some parts of notary ;
 And for a notar he does pass,
 Tho' some say he's a mighty ass ;
 Yet in the country he's rever'd
 By ev'ry rustic and cock laird,
 Whom he doth treat with art and skill,
 And lends them cash on bond or bill :
 On interest his soul is bent,
 And never sleeping annual-rent.
 Now I shall briefly shew you here
 What ways he takes to gather gear :
 A maxim in his head doth run,
 That money sav'd is money won ;
 Maxim *secundo* hath this man,
 To cheat his belly if he can.
 The *Norland* clerks, of thrifty fame,
 Compar'd with him are very lame ;
 Upon *Scots* pennies twice fifteen
 He din'd four clerks from *Aberdeen*.

Four callout herring he did rost,
 Which, with two baps, did two-pence cost;
 The baps he halv'd among the four,
 Which hunger keen made them devour;
 And then, for summing up the baill,
 He war'd a baubee upon kaill;
 The lads did rift, and were right fain,
 All four were din'd like gentlemen.
 A watch this notar ne'er would wear,
 And herein does his thrift appear:
 Computing five pounds for a watch,
 Five shillings yearly this would catch;
 Repairs to ditto, half a crown,
 Capital stock this would draw down;
 Therefore he wisely views the sun,
 As fowlers eye the murd'ring gun.
 To press thro' crouds he's not the fool,
 Because his clothes might lose the wool;
 And for this reason home he lurches
 On holidays from crouded churches.
 To step a ditch he takes great care,
 Lest he should wrong his breeches there.
 For stony road he's much afraid,
 Lest his shoes suffer by the tread:
 Therefore they're made, for strength and pith,
 By country sutor and by smith;
 Iron their heels and soles secures:
 No city shoes like them endures.
 His aged hat, eleven times dress'd,
 Upon his head with care is press'd;
 Each time 'tis dress'd he does avow,
 It looks as well as when first new.
 Whene'er he drinks, 'tis with design
 That he may *gratis* sup or dine;
 Offals best please him night and day,
 Because for those there's nought to pay;
 His dinner once did sixpence cost,
 Which with vexation did him rost;
 He starv'd himself a long time after,
 'Till he retriev'd this sad disaster.

He often swears by his lov'd store,
 He'll marry none 'till they first whore :
 By f---ng one, he says, he'll know
 If formerly she us'd to m-- ;
 A skilful plan, he says, indeed,
 To get his own wife's maiden head !
 But though he's search'd these twenty years
 For maiden-heads, yet none appears,
 And therefore he does still remain
 A batch'lor, aged four times ten :
 To thrifty whoring he's inclin'd,
 For lust, as well as love, is blind ;
 Money by him is lov'd so well,
 He'd hug PROSERPINA herself
 To get or save the root of evil,
 And make a cuckold of the devil.
 One time, poor wretch, it was his hap,
 'Mong other things, to catch a clap :
 This was to him a great vexation,
 Besides a cursed inflammation ;
 The sinful member did torment,
 Which made him grin, curse and relent ;
 His testicles did likewise swell,
 And shankers made him roar and yell ;
 Great buboes did his groins adorn,
 Which pain'd him sore both night and morn ;
 A chordee too did him perplex,
 And an erection sore him vex.
 For surgeons art he did not care ;
 Fear'd for his p---k, but pocket mair,
 He made a shift to treat himself,
 And thereby sav'd his darling pelf ;
 Yet, after all, a gleet remains,
 Which will absorb his aged veins.
 He oft affects the debauchee,
 Thereby to hide his misery,
 And horridly will swear and curse,
 But very seldom draw his purse,
 However, once he got a drub
 From members of the corping club,

Where MAD TAM rarely play'd his part,
 Which shew'd him master of his art;
 Made Notar *Creech* drunk like a beast,
 Then caus'd him pay dear for his feast;
 Besides his well trimm'd coal-black hair
 These drunken members did not spare;
 Like *Samson*, robb'd him of his locks,
 To complicate their drunken jokes;
 Then sent him off in porter's creel:
 And some say he deserv'd it well;
 But many men of sober mood
 Did think this treatment somewhat rude.
 His mother dy'd, it vex'd him sore,
 'Cause stocking-yarn he'd get no more;
 To make up this, with thrift severe,
 No mournings for her he would wear,
 A borrow'd big-coat wrapt him round
 'Till she was laid below the ground:
 Into this town it is well known
 That a big-coat he ne'er had one;
 For in below the pillars glowr,
 You'll never miss him in a show'r.
 Th' expensive suit he has confin'd
 Into his trunk, disturbs his mind;
 When at these clothes he takes a view,
 The sweat upon him stands like dew,
 And is it not a noted knack
 That they should sweat him off his back?
 The breeches are of velvet scarce,
 So will not keek upon his arse;
 He hates the taylor as old nick,
 And swears he play'd the cloth a trick:
 Therefore, I advertising, tell,
 These breeches now he wants to sell,
 To auction them has set a day,
 Whoe'er bids best bears them away.
 No heav'n, but wealth, this wretch does know,
 For riches he would dwell below:
 And, with content, at Pluto's ingle,
 His pleasant bags of money jingle;

But, to his torture 'twill conduce,
 There his vast sums have no produce ;
 At which he'll grin, curse, and relent,
 For loss of his sweet annual-rent ;
 With tortures there each miser's crammd,
 That makes them shock the very damn'd !
 Therefore, thou wretch, repent in time
 Of this thy miserable crime ;
 Do deeds of charity, while here,
 The gospel this commandeth clear ;
 Do not with usury oppress
 Poor country lairds in their distress ;
 Pay more respect to words and vows,
 Refund the heir of *Summer-house*,
 That G O D himself may bless thy store,
 And grant thee his eternal glore.

According to the crambo wark
 Of the extemporary CLARK,
 The foresaid lines are not a bauble,
 The miser meant is - - - - - ;
 But, to avoid the fiscal's leesh,
 The miser's name is Notar *Creeesh* ;
 More might be told, *sed hoc est satis* ;
 If *Creeesh* recant, I'll print it *gratis*.

A Hymn for the Thistle Lodge.

Wrote on seeing the Copy of a certain Challenge.

WHY rage the heathen, and vain things
 Does *Tam* of *Bedlam* mind ?
 For surely all the *Thistle Lodge*
 Against him are combin'd,
 To plot against his mighty sway,
 And to extirpate quite
Mad Tam from their society
 Gives to them all delight.

He that *Grand Master* sits does laugh,
 And the two *Wardens* jeer,
 The *Lodge* united join in scorn,
 Which has reach'd *Mad Tam's* ear;
 And now he swears a weighty sword
 He'll take into his hand;
 Heads young and *AULD* he will shear off;
 From the mischievous band.
 Now therefore be admonished,
 Join trembling with your mirth;
 For *Mad Tam* is a *Bedlamite*
 Of fortune and of birth.

Mad Tom i.e. John Nisbet Writer in Eden?

On laying the Foundation Stone of St. Ber-
 nard's Mineral Well, 15th September, 1760,
 lately found out near Edinburgh.

NO muse I invoke to help out my song,
 The muses all flutter around in a throng;
 A theme so delightful with transport they view,
 And with their assistance my song I pursue.
 Great *DRUMMOND* improveth what nature doth send,
 To country and city he's always a friend?
 Regardless of junto's, his lordship pursues
 The weal of the public in all that he does;
 Unwearied he studies the good of the town,
 And success his labours for ever must crown,
 Tho' oppos'd of late by *Bedlamite Tom*,
 Who ne'er could do good abroad nor at home;
 And likewise by others of far better fame;
 What views they had in it my muse shall not name.
 With pity he saw the diseas'd without aid,
 (Physicians do nothing unless they are paid)
 Then straight thro' three kingdoms he sent for supply,
 And rear'd up the structure, call'd *INFIRMARY*,
 Where ev'ry disease that physicians can cure
 Is instantly heal'd, for the rich or the poor.

When heav'n, propitious to grant his desire
 To th' utmost extent his heart could require,
 For the health of the poor sent this *sanative well*
 A blessing to all that around it do dwell.

This *Water* so healthful near *Ed'nburgh* doth rise,
 Which not only *Bath*, but *Moffat* outvies.
 Most diseases of nature it quickly doth cure,
 Except the disease that is got from a whore.
 It cleans the intestines, and appetite gives,
 While morbid matter it quite away drives :
 Its amazing effects cannot be deny'd,
 And drugs are quite useless where it is apply'd :
 So what Doctors can't cure is done by this *Spring*,
 Reserv'd till this year of great *DRUMMOND's* reign.
 That as the foundation of one he did lay ;
 The other should likewise be put in his way,
 His pious endeavours to crown in his day. }

Persevere still, Great Sir ! and be not dismay'd,
 Nor regard the harangues that against you are made.
Mad Tom loud may rave ; he may curse, he may swear,
 When with *sinful Marg'ret* he's quaffing his beer,
 Cry out 'gainst your scheme for bringing in water,
 And get posses of ale-wives to join in his clatter :
 But the good of the city being your chief intent,
 And on schemes for the public your mind being bent,
 Despise the poor crew, go on with full speed,
 And posterity surely will bless you when dead.

The wonderful Adventures and heroic Atchievements of Mad Tom.
alias Mr. John Nisbet writer in Edinburgh

THE dog-star now rages, and *Bedlam's* broke out,
 The madmen all run thro' our streets with a shout :
 'Tis full moon and full sea, full tide in their head,
 They threaten the poets, and fill them with dread !
 Ye muses, be cautious what song ye inspire ;
 But let it be something with teeth and with fire :

CLAUDERO, quite poor — no poorer can be,
Yet values not madmen of any degree.

Mad Tom, the most dreadful of all the *mad crew*,
Has battled with drovers and butchers not few.
Thro' all the *Grass Market* he hath risked his skin;
Fought hostlers without doors, and stablers within.
Sore beat, and sore bruised, he's oftentimes been,
And kicked, and cuffed, and sent off with *blue een* :
By experience taught, he now gives the blow
(Like a traitor) *behind*, and knocks down the foe.

A captain, sore wounded, return'd from the war,
And supported by crutches, had many a scar,
Fell in with *Mad Tom*, ——— a quarrel ensu'd,
But *Tom* durst not fight him; no, not for his blood.
Right slyly *Tom* watch'd, as he went to the door,
And snatching his crutch, threw him on the floor,
So maul'd him, and bruise'd him, he left him for dead,
Then ran, like a *gentleman*, home with full speed.

The length of my poem will not here admit
To tell more of his pranks, how many he's bit;
I shall only relate what I suffer'd myself,
Nor dread I his threats, although he has pelf.

One time, when *quite mad*, he slipped his chain,
And ran from his keeper, as far as the *Dean*,
A *sober preceptor* he met on the way,
And murder'd the teacher, and thought it fine play,
His *destitute children* he views without pain,
Which inspireth the poet to sing in this strain.
My honest intention no critic will blame,
When the cure of a *madman* is all that I aim.
The *Tarantula's* bite our senses disarm;
But, striking the fancy with music's soft charm,
The patient will dance himself quite out of breath,
And thus he escapeth a *Bedlamite's* death :
If this hit *Tom's* fancy, then why may not I
Sing him to *his senses* the very same way?

E L E G Y on JEAN KIRKWOOD;
Keeper of Nimrod's Coffee-house in Cum-
bernauld.

YOU drammers all of *Cumbernauld*,
 Bewail the loss you lately had,
Jean Kirkwood's death, a mournful theme;
 Her drams did often warm your wame!
 Burnt up with whisky was the wife,
 So went to drink the wells of life;
 And left her votaries ane and a'
 Without a gill to heat their maw.
 Old *Nimrod*, now what will you do?
 For friends, like *Jean*, you'll find but few;
 Her drams you very oft did pree,
 Till ye could neither hear nor see;
 Her drams, I've often heard it said,
 Did make your ancient heart right glad:
 For t'other gill ye was ay keen,
 And cry'd, My dear * *Melochin Jean*.
 Poor *Sandy* too, sworn to the stoup,
 Perish'd with *Jean* is a' your hope;
 Right oft with *Jean* ye snuff'd and dramm'd,
 Till your red nose was all inflam'd,
 No more will *Jean* the whisky fill,
 No more administer the gill;
 No more will she the ginger cake
 After the dram unto you break.
Malcolm Mitchell, o'er-whelm'd with grief,
 Fling by your fiddle and your cliff,
 No more can the tun'd fiddle please,
 Nor *Mary's* charms afford you ease
 All other comforts are but vain,
 'Till ye get penny gills again:
 With grief opprest'd, all three did cry;
 Oh! *Jean*, what ail'd you thus to die;

* *Melochin* is an Erse Word used by old *Nimrod* when he has got
 in his cups

And leave us three, while we were willing
 To spend on whisky ev'ry shilling ?
Jean's ghost made answer from a shade,
 With voice as shrill as a milk-maid,
 And cry'd, Old *Nimrod*, fast prepare,
 For of my fate you'll shortly share.
 The whisky you sup up so fast
 Will surely prove your death at last ;
 This much I was allow'd to tell,
 So, dearest *Nimrod*, long farewell.
Sandy and *Malcolm* in amaze
 Fell on their face and ceas'd to gaze :
Jean's ghost did through the æther glide,
 A train of light around it wide ;
 With spirits pinions quickly flew,
 As swift as lightning, from their view.

On Mr. Edward Joffy, *Writer in Edinburgh,*
who died on the memorable 10th day of
June, 1758.

GOOD *Edward Joffy* liv'd and dy'd
 An honest man of great content,
 Belov'd by all ; even whigs themselves
 Revere his name, his death lament.
 He hated much old *Cromwell's* fame,
 Grudg'd the Prince of *Orange* glory :
 Attached firmly to the *STUARTS*,
 Was a staunch and honest Tory.
 He hop'd to see his King restor'd,
 And *honest men* replac'd in state :
 In *Hope* he liv'd, in *Hope* he dy'd,
 And wish'd *Alexis* better fate.
 Among the blest, his virtuous soul
 Will surely dwell for evermore ;
 In heav'n he'll join his lawful King,
 To praise the King of Kings in gloire.

*An Elegy on Archibald, Duke of Argyll,
who died at London, 15th of April, 1761.*

A Solemn dirge, ye bag-pipes, blow,
Let hills and dales resound the woe :
Ye rocks, who guard the western shore,
Your potent Duke is now no more ;
Snatch'd off by Death, when ripe in years,
His mem'ry claims his country's tears :
A statesman great, and good likewise,
Among th' unthinking dead now lies.
No more he'll scheme his country's well ;
No more at court our 'plaints he'll tell ;
No more he'll spend the silent night :
To meditate his country's right :
No more for *Scotsmen* he'll provide ;
Nor by sage counsel *Britain* guide ;
His politics, now at an end,
No more his country will defend.
Let *Argathelian* nymphs lament,
And warlike swains his death relent.
Let all the num'rous martial clan
Loudly mourn the god-like man.
Kintire, resound the doleful tale,
And winds, blow murm'ring thro' the vale ;
Let rivers, hills, and spacious plains,
Assist to echo dreary strains.
Ye muses nine, assist the theme,
And poets sing this prince's fame ;
Free masons too, of *Britain's* north,
Record Duke *Arch'bald's* taste and worth :
The *Gothic* structure, lately spir'd,
Most justly is by all admir'd :
His palace shines in *Scotia's* west,
And bears of masonry the test.
When great and good men drop and die,
Then sorrow, with a mournful eye,
In vain laments the nat'ral state,
Of patriot virtue and its date.

May heaven his successor inspire
 With virtue and with martial fire :
 May prowess guide his heart and sword,
 And laurels wreath the *Campbells* lord.

On seeing a Scots Fiddler in laced Cloths.

Give Honour to whom Honour is due. Sacred Writ.

YE fiddlers so foppish, who pester the town;
 Your impudence shall be my song;
 Such blockheads in lace cause *Apollo* to frown,
 And the ladies to hiss you along.
 Bow-hand, tune and time, perhaps, you may claim,
 With sonnets from *Italy* rare,
 While cat-gut you scrape, and talk of your fame,
 Believe you're disdain'd by the fair.
 The lace and embroid'ry you so much do prize,
 With beaver and tassel supine,
 Your fopp'ry exposes, while ladies despise
 To view any fiddler so fine.
 Apply to your cliff for crotchet and brief,
 Not by *dress* on your scholars impose :
 For your tassel, *Macgibbon*, of fiddlers the chief,
 If alive, would have twisted your nose.
 His merit conspicuous thro' *Britain* did shine,
 (His collection yet speaks for itself)
 No *fribble* was he, a true son of the *Nine*,
 And in plain simple dress he got pelf.
 Void of sense as of shame, with betters you vie,
 And think the deceit to conceal ;
 But if aught, save your crotchets, you offer to try,
 Lo ! the secret you quickly reveal.
 Then throw by your trappings, ye coxcombs so vain,
 Be humble as fiddlers should be ;
 The more you're bedaub'd, the more you're disdain'd,
 For still you are fiddlers we see.

Your dress thus expos'd, your music comes next,
 Which is understood but by few ;
 Your *Italian* airs, so wild and perplex'd,
 Are only for *fribbles* like you.
 Give us then our own music, most justly preferr'd
 To any you bring from abroad ;
 Or if it is longer by coxcombs deferr'd,
 You all shall be banish'd by —.

N. B. This to be set to a *Scots* tune.

*The History of a Norland Barber; being a
 Warning to all saucy Shavers, both in Town
 and Country.*

FROM *Scotia's* north a puppy came,
 Excuse the place and puppy's name ;
 As authors differ ev'ry way,
 His name's a secret to this day.
 Quite void of science and of arts,
 He wander'd to the southern parts ;
 T'avoid starvation in the north,
 He took a boat and cross'd the *Forth*,
 And soon in *Ed'nburgh* did arrive,
 Where shaving trade he long did drive.
 The want of learning and of sense
 He soon supply'd with impudence,
 And ev'ry day that he arose
 Caught sev'ral hundreds by the nose.
 On sooty beards his razor ran,
 Till he became an expert man ;
 Nor do you think I tell a jest,
 A carrot then he thought a feast.
 Bedaub'd with flour, pometum, grease,
 He'd carry wigs to whom you please.
 Authors alledge too by the bye,
 He told his patients many a lie ;
 Nor for detection was afraid,
 As lies were part of barber-trade.

This shaver smart as *Albumazor*,
 Whose wit was gleg as any razor,
 Both pleas'd his master and the town,
 And soon became of great renown.
 His fame did reach a noble peer,
 Whom long he serv'd with love and fear;
 'Till suffocate with elevation,
 He quite forgot his former station,
 Despis'd his fellows, and disdain'd
 To eat what nobles entertain'd.
 Satan with pleasure view'd the youth,
 Brim-full of pride, and void of truth:
 Quoth Belzebub, the grand deceiver;
 I'd quickly snatch this saucy shaver,
 But hell already is so cramm'd,
 Such multitudes of barbers damn'd,
 I have of them now so great store,
 I can't find blocks for any more.

Against low Dancing-Schools.

Train up a Child in the Way he should go, &c.

THAT dancing e'er should be a trade,
 And vagrants thereby gain their bread;
 Or that mere fops, by jigs and reels,
 Should make estates by nimble heels;
 While not one grain of wit or sense
 They to their scholars can dispense;
 Is matter of astonishment,
 And view'd with utmost discontent:
 So, reader, listen to my muse,
 I mean to cure this gross abuse.

Good-breeding, early, I approve,
 And that both sexes graceful move:
 To drop a curt'sey, make a bow,
 Is somewhat necessary too;

But let kind nature do her work,
 With either Christian, Jew, or Turk,
 I will be bound they far out-strip
 Those who by science aukward skip.
 Observe the native *Highlandman*,
 By nature taught, how well he can,
 With air genteel and breeding fine,
 Beyond all school-bred dancers, shine ;
 His lively caper without school,
 Beats all who move by art or rule ;
 And his address does better please,
 Because it comes with grace and ease.

Yet after all, if you persist
 My honest counsel to resist ;
 I pray that youth of ev'ry station
 May go to schools of reputation ;
 But as your childrens good you tender
 (Either male or female gender)
 My sentiments I do impart,
 As you'd avoid a broken heart,
 Beware of low *professors* art ;
 Or else your error you may see
 When it cannot recover'd be.

You here may ask the reason why
 'Gainst dancing-schools I thus inveigh ?
 Allow me then, I'll plainly tell,
 The *low ones* nurs'ries are for hell ;
 As by the following truths appear,
 Which very lately happen'd here.

A lovely youth to virtue bred,
 To *Edinburgh* sent to get a trade ;
 That, by industry, he might learn
 In future life his bread to earn ;
 Fatal for him, was drawn away
 (With latest breath he curs'd the day)
 To one of these *low dancing schools*,
 Amongst a pack of idle fools ;
 Where the *professor* of the art
 With dress and capers charm'd his heart,
 And, as the youth was proper tool,
 He soon decoy'd him to his school,

Th' unthinking lad, thus made his prize,
 All friendly counsel did despise ;
 He curs'd his master and his trade,
 And day and night away was led
 With company debauch'd and rude,
 And danc'd with rogues and harlots lewd.
 His money wasted in short space
 Amongst the worthless female race.
 And to support extravagance,
 Dress, drink, and whore, and eke the dance,
 He practis'd many a wicked trick,
 And e'en at last began to pick ;
 'Till, in the end, it was his hap,
 To catch a sad and mortal clap ;
 No medicine his life could save,
 He lothsome dropt into his grave.
 But oh ! when near the gates of death,
 He cry'd aloud, with parting breath,
 This dancing-school had been the cause
 Of his transgressing virtue's laws ;
 Begging both sexes to beware,
 And to avoid this fatal snare.
 His parents' pardon he did crave,
 And pray'd that God his soul might save ;
 Then, 'midst the tears of all around,
 He dy'd a penitent profound.
 Who can his parents sorrow paint,
 Altho' 'tis hop'd he dy'd a saint ;
 Their aged hearts with grief did bleed,
 They soon were number'd 'mongst the dead.

Say, after this, am I to blame,
 Thus to expose *low dancers* game ?
 Nay, surely, you'll be of opinion,
 That magistrates, who have dominion,
 Should use their pow'r to rid the town,
 Of dancers void of good renown ;
 And as we are at odds with *France*,
 Send them to learn the warlike dance.

The manly doctrine of defence,
 Is well worth young mens time and pence ;

Ye *British* youths, to that repair,
 And learn the warlike science there.
 Be taught with skill the sword to wield,
 And ornament you for the field :
 But banish dancing from our arts,
 To *France*, and other southern parts.
 Let *Britain's* sons be heroes all,
 And ev'ry dancer be a *Gaul*.

To the Pye-baxters.

PYE-BAXTERS all, come hear my theme :
 I sing a truth, conceal a name :
 From truth my song shall never vary,
 Tho' I was *Taylor's* secretary ;
 And in that post, I tell no fiction,
 I wrote damn'd lies from *Taylor's* diction.—
 Stung with remorse, I scorn'd his gold ;
 Refus'd my country to blindfold.
 The quack, enrag'd with much vexation,
 Knew well the fate of his oration,
 Which he averr'd was made at *Rome*,
 Tho' forg'd by him and me at home.
 A luscious piece of scand'lous praise,
 Among the mob his fame to raise.
 But let the quack dissect the eye,
 And blindfold all who do apply :
 Let him impose on blind folks purses,
 And cut their eyes, and get their curses ;
 Boast loud of cures perform'd abroad,
 And call himself a *demi-god*.
 Our faculty of skill'd physicians
 Think him unworthy of a licence ;
 And by them all 'tis understood
 He does more harm than he does good.
 Here stop, my muse ; a Pye comes next,
 I had almost forgot my text.

King *Pharaoh's* baker stiff was kill'd,
 For baking pyes far better fill'd :
 Th' *Egyptian* bakers after him
 Did cram their pyes from sole to brim :
 Warn'd by this baker's dreadful fate,
 They first got scales and weigh'd their meat ;
 Then *Jacob's* sons for many a day
 Did eat good pyes, as authors say :
 But in our country, far remote,
 Th' example's read, but quite forgot :
 Nor lectures from the pulpit can,
 So well as ropes reform a man.
 Our *Cowgate Council* paunches eat ;
 In them they see there is no cheat :
 But fill your paste, increase the size,
 They'll leave the paunches, and take pyes.

*To the Coal-drivers, and the Retailers of
 Coals about Edinburgh.*

HAIL, kindly warmth, and joyful May ;
 Welcome Phœbus' genial ray :
 To nipping frosts we bid adieu,
 And coalmens rogueries not a few.
 Now summer smiles o'er hill and dale ;
 And fragrance flows from ev'ry vale :
 All nature, chearful, glads the heart
 Of those who suffer'd winter's smart.
 The busy bee at large now roves,
 And sips the sweet from flow'ry groves ;
 'Gainst winter to preserve their lives,
 By instinct taught, they store their hives :
 A lesson to mankind they read,
 To buy their coals before they need.
 'Tis coals I sing, black is the theme !
 And 'twill redound to coalmens shame.
 Coal-storers, listen to my muse,
 And porters too, pray don't refuse

To read my lays, and then apply,
 " To do as you would be done by."
 This golden rule, quite short and plain,
 Gives neither mind, nor mem'ry pain :
 By this, if men would square their lives,
 (Nor do I here seclude their wives)
 All would be well, and man would be
 An emblem of divinity.

But sordid wretches, who attain
 To riches by oppressive gain,
 Are to their country round a curse,
 And ought to hang like a cut-purle.

Coal *Johnie*, void of all remorse,
 But differs little from his horse :
 Yet skill'd in ev'ry art to cheat,
 Can mag the coals with nice deceit.
 His honest pownie t'other day
 Did blush to bear the load away :
 And, in horse language, plainly said,
 His master drove a knavish trade.
 But *Johnie* urg'd in his defence,
 That winter was the time for pence ;
 While citizens did starve with cold,
 And coals must have for any gold.

The honest beast did make reply,
 And said, Dear *John*, the poor must buy
 At rates exorbitantly dear,
 More than their incomes well can spare,
 While at the hill you pay no more
 Than usual in the days of yore.
 To conscience pownie did appeal :
 But *John*, enraged at this tale,
 Did lash the beast with whip in hand,
 And then enjoin'd this strict command ;
 If ever more I hear you tell
 How coals are bought, and how they sell,
 O'er yonder glen I'll break your neck :
 It sets you ill me to direct,
 Or talk of conscience to coal *John*,
 Within whose breast there ne'er was one.

Though dear I sold last day in town,
 Yet a forestaller won a crown
 Upon a cart, and porters wait
 Each day for us at *Bristo* gate :
 To cheat the city is their gain,
 And yet they're called honest men.

But magistrates,---woe worth the chance !
 Of our snug trade take cognizance ;
 Reviews the weights o'er all the town,
 And has detected many a lown,
 Whose hundred weights were made of stone,
 And just ones scarcely there was none.
 Then spoke the horse in humble tone,
 With great submission, unto *John*,
 And said, Dear Sir, I'm always willing
 To trudge the road for t'other shilling ;
 Nor will I ever more presume
 To give advice unto my groom :
 Yet after I am dead and gone,
 There will be news of you, coal *John*.
 From villany you'll never stop,
 Till you are choked in a rope.
 And if retailers get their due,
 The knavish ones should hang with you.

*On Mr. R—— W——'s Marriage with
 Miss R——.*

WHEN haughty *France* to honour blind,
 In war did undertake,
 Fair *Albion's* sons with chains to bind,
 And daughters captives make.

From never-conquer'd *Caledon*,
 Where bold invaders lie,
Saxons and *Danes*, both sire and son,
 Who dar'd their liberty.

A youth, to arms and virtue bred,
 Rush'd forth in hostile war ;
 Where Mars with laurels crown'd his head
 In bloody fields afar.

Then wreath'd with conquest and renown,
 Peace sheath'd the fatal sword,
 When haughty *Gauls* were forc'd to own
 Great GEORGE our King, their Lord.

With glory, honour, manhood join'd,
 He reach'd the *British* shore,
 And left the savage lands behind,
 Where cannons wont to roar.

Upon the pleasant banks of *Thames*,
 He spy'd a virgin fair,
 The loveliest of the lovely dames,
 A nymph without compare.

Her looks were sweet as blush of May,
 The graces round her twine ;
 Her eyes, more bright then Phœbus' ray,
 Express'd her soul divine.

The swain his flame did soon reveal,
 In terms of manly truth ;
 Her love the nymph did not conceal,
 Who could refuse the youth ?

Then Hymen bid, the nuptial kiss,
 For heav'n their souls had join'd ;
 And to complete their future bliss,
 The virtues all combin'd.

Hail wedded love ! Hail happy pair !
 May heav'n your days prolong ;
 From ev'ry ill defend the fair,
 The youth from ev'ry wrong.

May fixed rocks forsake their place,
 The lofty mountains move,
 To ebb and flow let ocean cease,
 Before you cease to love.

On two YOUNG LADIES, Sisters.

IN praise of *Poll* and lovely *Bell*,
 Ye Muses Nine conspire
 To let me quaff Parnassus' well,
 And feel poetic fire.

Sure, goodness, virtue, beauty, wit,
 Adorns each charming maid;
 Apollo then, the lyre come hit,
 Ye Gods, fly to my aid.

What theme so sweet, religion tell,
 As modesty divine?
 The Graces that shine forth in *Bell*
 Thrice happy *Poll*, are thine.

Their minds replete with lessons pure,
 By a maternal care;
 Examples too, do rivet sure,
 Her precepts debonair.

Their minutes sweet, industry claims,
 Sloth hated flies away;
 Let future annals tell their names,
 When virtue's in decay.

Becoming pride, reserve polite,
 Shield and protect their breast;
 None but the youth with honour freight,
 Can by them be carefs'd.

Hence rude assailant, virtue's foe,
 Where modesty abounds:
 Ye agents of the fair sex woe,
 Touch not these sacred grounds.

Ye beauties fair, who *Britain* grace,
 This wholesome counsel take,
 Esteem the manly chaste embrace,
 Despise the sordid rake.

An Excerpt from Janus. A Character.

ONE day, at tea, in *Ed'nburgh* town,
 With ladies sat a rev'rend clown,
 And being on a merry pin,
 They plucked *Janus'* wig behind :
 One threw it into t'other's lap,
 And round the table made it pap,
Janus indulg'd them in this game,
 'Till he begun to feel a flame :
 His carnal member stood erect,
 Nor did the ladies ought suspect :
 One hid the wig beneath her chair,
 And *Janus* run to search it there ;
 But by mistake, I do suppose,
 He thrust his hand below her cloaths ;
 Then cry'd aloud, The wig is there,
 For, madam, I feel human hair :
 The lady squeak'd like any pig,
 Let go my C ———, and there's your wig,
 The other ladies quickly fled ;
 Then *Janus* flung her on the bed. ———
 Excuse me further to relate
 The manner how they copulate.
 A story oft I've heard of old,
 That naked truths should not be told,
 Nor poets modest ears affront,
 With singing stories of a C ——— ;
 So stop, my muse, or suffer blame,
 For giving carnal things a name ;
 And next relate a wicked story,
 The downright truth, no allegory. ———
 The pregnant lass began to swell,
 Which did not please his rev'rence well ;
 Nor could he by profoundest thinking,
 Preserve his character from sinking.
 Alas ! said he, I'm flesh and blood,
 Or sure my member ne'er had stood.

Woes me ! he cry'd, I envy those,
 Who ramble till they lose their nose,
 While, I who love the trade as well,
 My inclinations must conceal.
 O ! happy he, who like a bull,
 Can humour nature when he will ;
 While I, a poor affected saint,
 Dare scarcely look at what I want ;
 And yet, as theirs, my inclination
 Is strongly bent on copulation.
 Curs'd be the day I quit the * pen,
 Such scandal could not hurt me then :
 Then ! then I often play'd at hunts-up,
 And turn'd the buxom lasses C----s up.
 The sin I don't at all regard,
 If my Whig-Character were spar'd ;
 I ev'ry night could do the same,
 For much I love the pleasant game.
 Woes me ! he cry'd, with heavy cheer,
 I'll lose my licence now I fear.
 But now a thought runs in my head,
 That I'll blame W-----r for the deed ;
 He is my friend and rev'rend brother,
 And loves the game as well's another ;
 His rev'rence too must have a jot,
 Above the *fœtus* I have got.—
 The thought is great,--- I shall deny
 And bake up W-----r in the pye ;
 His int'rest, with the brethren great,
 May serve to slur the foul debate.

* Dr. Alex. Webster

* Janus was bred to the law in Edinburgh, but afterwards, to his great mortification, studied divinity, and commenced Clergy Man.

ALL in the WRONG.

Tune of, He ran, and they ran awa' Man.

DIRE sedition did fly from Belzebub's eye.
On statesmen it first laid its paw man ;
The Devil smote *Pit* and the *Temple* with it,
The infection soon overspread a' man.

Then grazing began, from *Beersheba* to *Dan*,
Prime ministers fast ran awa' man,
Wilkes and *Churchill* did scold like fish-wives of old,
And the devil laid hold of them a' man.

Next to *Britains* fair North, in a town by the *Forth*
Where there is baith Gospel and Law man,
The plague is broke out, and made a damn'd rout,
No doctor could cure it at a' man.

The first thing it smote, was *Wood* by a vote,
Which threatened great havock to a' man ;
When his laurels they fell, the imps gave a yell,
His devilship loudly did crawl man.

Two conveners alake ! But one chain for a neck,
Such confusion did on our trades fa' man ;
The men are quite good, both *Lindsay* and *Wood*,
Tho' we have no occasion for twa' man.

The Free Masons too, let fame be their due,
Have more deacons than one to their fa' man ;
Tho' the plumber of lead, may serve them indeed,
He'll take no bribe multure at a' man.

He's just and sincere, belov'd ev'ry where ;
Of *Potty* I'll say nought at a' man ;
Lest I should traufgrefs, by making him less,
Which is not my intention at a' man.

May plenty and peace *Edina* increase,
And malecontents all stand in awe man ;
May trade flourish here, and buildings appear,
Baith regular, useful and braw man.

Here's a health to my Lord, may his council accord,
 And faction's base tools get a fa' man ;
 May works of renown, his labours still crown,
 And Parsons preach peace to us a' man.

Tho' they're humbled to dust, 'cause *Drysdale* the just,
 Consulted them not with his Ca' man ;
 Yet the magistrates here, the patronage bear,
 And beggars must not chuse at a' man.

Let the devil go home, for why should he roam
 In a climate that's baith cauld and raw man ;
 He was destin'd at first, to be lastingly curst,
 Not here to play at the foot ba' man.

But if he won't steer, let our clergy appear,
 That can raise him, and lay him an' a' man ;
 Their troops will surround, and drive below ground,
 Old Lucifer blamed for a' man.

Claudero's Farewell to the Muses and Auld-Reikie.

PELLUCID ale us'd to inspire
 The *British* bards with poets fire,
 By taxes now reduc'd so weak,
 Can hardly prompt my muse to squeak :
 So CLAUD at last hath wisely chose
 To drop his verse for humble prose :
 No more he'll foibles stigmatize,
 Rogue, whore, or madman satirize.
 To mad *Jack* too he bids adieu :
 His frolicks now he may pursue ;
 Brandish his cudgel, shake his chain ;
 And fill the town with dread domain :
 No more CLAUDERO will gainsay ;
 He safely now may act his play ;
 Resume his wonted course of life,
 To vex his children and his wife ;

From satire free, the wicked loun
May play his old game thro' the town :
Debauching, corping, beating down.

To shun the fate of *Pemecui*,
Who starving dy'd in turnpike-quik,
(Tho' sweet he sung with wit and sense,
He, like poor CLAUD, was short of pence)
I'll change my manner with the clime,
And never more be heard to rhyme.

For pastime oft'ner than for pelf
I've crambo'd jokes and hurt myself,
And, for diversion to the mob,
I lodg'd six weeks with Captain *Reb*,
Whose usage good forbids me fear
To be his guest all round the year ;
For while the stormy winds did blow,
Accompany'd with hail and snow,
I anchor'd snugly in his ark,
Where dunning creditors ne'er bark ;
There pity'd men by sea and land,
Expos'd to storms and dang'rous sand,
And thought myself more happy far
Than those engag'd in German war.
But hail to Armstrong and to Hay,
Who kindness to me did display,
And did suspend the sentence odd,
For which I'm ever at their nod :
Strong may their arms for ever be,
To bind madmen, set pris'ners free :
Unto my latest breath and day,
My grateful thanks to them I'll pay.
But here these thanks I might have spar'd
For virtue hath its own reward.

Hail, glorious Justice ! hail, O Judge !
May pow'r with good men always lodge,
And may madmen of each degree
Grow wiser, Tam, than thee or me.

No more town fool, no more, I swear,
I'll write to grate a madman's ear ;

No more the laugh I will afford,
That does not clothe my back and board.

Let puny scribblers fill my place,
But sink their rhyme in deep disgrace,
With fun'ral dirge on the deceast,
Void or of grammar, verse or taste;
The Printer does not mend the matter,
Because, poor man, he knows no better,
But sends his hawkers out aloud,
Deceives the town, and swears 'tis CLAUD.
Let candid critics me excuse,
Distinguish well CLAUDERO's muse,
And vindicate this gross abuse.

For ever thrive, illustrious town!
And Scotia's kingdom all around,
May peace and freedom always grace,
And plenty bless the Scottish race.
Thus spoke my muse, and off she flew,
And bade Auld-Reikie long Adieu.

CLAUDERO.

A LETTER to Mr. Wilkes.

AS an almanack-maker, who watches the motions of the stars, to prognosticate what they may portend to this sublunary world; so, Sir, have I viewed your numerous scurrilities, dirty abuse and contempt, bestowed, in all the flowers and tropes of Billingsgate, upon Scotsmen and their country; and, if I am not deceived, I see a halter in your fate, as a just reward of the villainous and base character so liberally given by you, to a brave and peaceable people; a people who have hitherto preserved their independency, and who were worthy of being matched to the English by a more honourable union; a people, who undauntedly go hand in hand with the English, through all the horrors of war, to victory; a people loyal to their king, zealous

of their honour, and whose motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit," is a just indication of their temper and spirit. Know, Sir, that the Thistle, which is our emblem, has choked many thousands of those who attempted to usurp our liberties; and our country, tho' reputed barren, has been often made fertile with the carcases of Englishmen, and the lordly Danes, your conquerors.—Pray, Sir, what injury have we done you? We love and esteem Englishmen as our brethren, Britons, and fellow-subjects.—We gave you a King, and were even so courteous as to allow London to be the seat of empire. We look upon ourselves now to be Britons, and throw away the distinction of Scots and English, in consequence of the union, now thinking ourselves one people. And sure there can be no great difference 'twixt a Briton on the south, and one on the north of the Tweed, more than on any other river or boundary in Britain; for there are good and bad men on both sides. And when there is a General that abdicates his army; an Admiral a coward; or a Statesman a knave; we are content they should be hanged, whatever side of the Tweed may claim their birth; but I dare say, Sir, scandalous as you are, that you cannot impeach us with producing any of these three, all last war; though, if we had, the whole country ought not to be branded with infamy for the faults of a few,

Pray, Sir, why do you twit us with oat-meal and brimstone? we esteem both as a very great blessing, especially the first, as we depend chiefly upon it for a part of our food; and none but a wretch, wicked as yourself, would despise the mercies of heaven to men, for when there is a scarcity of corn in our country, we feel the sad effects of it, as much as your canine paunch would, if we withheld our black-cattle, which we yearly send, in thousands, to pamper your luxury. As to sulphur, it is indeed a specific for the itch, it also serves many other valuable purposes, and I make no doubt, but it will cure an Englishman as readily as a Scotsman, if either of them were infected with it, though, indeed, I

believe, it would not answer so well when applied to a leper; however, the fumes of it are said to be very nauseous to rascals in the other world; which may, perhaps, account for your aversion to it.

Sure, Sir, the sensible part of your countrymen are affronted at your performances, stuffed with bitter invectives and railleries, more suitable for a fish-wife than a member of parliament, and I am of opinion, they think themselves very little honoured by, or obliged to you, for reviving a distinction that was, happily for both kingdoms, asleep.

I have seen a print of you here, holding up a cap with the word LIBERTY upon it, and a Devil, your familier, prompting your North Britons into your ear. The device, I think, is really a just and a very pretty one; only that you are a most shocking dog to look at, and ought not to be exposed to pregnant women's view, as they are in use, like Laban's cattle, to copy what strikes their fancy. Your face is the indication of a very bad soul, and any the least judge of physiognomy may see you a scoundrel at first view; and I would really have some charity for your lady, even if she was to prefer the embraces of her footman to those of our champion for liberty, in order to rectify the breed.

You have, under the mask of Liberty, endeavoured to trample upon royalty, and to affront one of the most glorious monarchs that ever graced the British throne; the father of his people, and an ornament to human nature; and, like the rebel Cromwell, who carrying bibles in his colours, under a pretence of religion and liberty, stained his country with the blood of the royal martyr Charles the First. Sir, there is so great a similarity betwixt you and that usurper, that I cannot help thinking your aims are equally wicked. Cromwell was a brewer and a distiller; you are so too. And I suppose it was greatly owing to the diffusion of gin among the freeholders of Aylesbury, that you was voted member of that honourable house, to which you are a stain, and from which I am pretty certain you will soon be

disgracefully extruded, as the just demerit of your audacious scurrilities Your TEMPLE can be no sanctuary, nor will your PITT be able to conceal you.

Where was the great Colonel Wilkes, the assertor of British liberty, a few years ago, when four thousand Scots, ill armed, without discipline, and wanting officers of experience, made Old-England shake to the centre? Did he, at that time, offer his service to his king or country? No. He kept at home, to dispose of his father's gin and grain.

To conclude, Sir, As you have been guilty of perverting the minds of the people from their duty, you ought honestly to acknowledge the motives that induced you to it, and expose your prompters, authors, and abettors. Pray the forgiveness of God, your Sovereign, and an injured nation. And as nothing but a fair recantation can intitle you to pardon, discharge the dæmon from your ear that dictated your North Britons, and make what other amends may be in your power, and, in so doing, you will shew yourself yet an honest man, "the noblest work of God." I am, Sir, one who despises a rascal, whether he be a North or a South Briton.

PHILO-BRITANNICUS.

*An Elegy on the Right Honourable Charles
Earl of Traquair, who died the 24th of
April 1764.*

YE Fates, who cut poor mortals down,
Nor spare the mitre or the crown;
Indulge me here, in strains sincere,
To mourn the death of *Great Traquair*.
Allow me too, with love and fear,
To drop a sympathetic tear.
His sacred life and memory
Deserves the highest Elegy :

While I attempt the pious task,
I must, at same time, pardon ask,
For soaring thus above my sphere,
Like *Dedalus*, into the air.

Ye Nine, my numbers then attend,
And guard my verse, lest it offend:
The subject here is far too grand
For humble Muse to take in hand;
And might employ the lofty quill
Of *Pope*, who sung both smooth and shrill:
But, as I wish to do my best,
Let critics hush, and be at rest.

Ye vocal hills around *Traquair*,
With mournful echoes pierce the air:
Let verdure now the *Bush* forsake,
And nymphs and swains just grief partake:
Let flow'rs and lillies hide their head,
Who flourish'd on the banks of *Tweed*;
And ev'ry valley loud repeat,
The doleful accents round his seat.
Let widows too and orphans mourn,
And pay a tribute at his urn.
The Benefactor of the poor,
Who cloath'd and fed them at his door.
The Good, the Great, the Meek, the Just,
Your potent Lord reverts to dust.
True piety his soul inspir'd,
And charity his bosom fir'd:
Both debonnair and sweet withal;
He never bow'd a knee to *Baal*;
Nor worship'd e'er the Golden Beast,
Th' abomination of his breast;
While hypocrites did kiss its paw,
And cringing at its feet did fa'.
O! ev'ry faithful martial clan,
Loud, loudly mourn the God-like man,
Whose loyal soul is now in glore,
To praise Jehovah evermore.

May Heav'n his successor inspire
With all the virtues of his Sire.

And, to sum up our wishes brief,
May laurels wreath *Britannia's Chief*.

*On the Pollution of St. Leonard's Hill, a
consecrated and ancient Burial-place near
Edinburgh.*

YE tuneful Nine, in strains divine,
Employ your utmost skill,
And echoes round, loud, loud rebound,
To sing *St. Leonard's Hill*.

The portal's great, like princely state,
Rear'd by the gospel shrill,
Adorns its top and vies Lord *Hope*,
Upon *St. Leonard's Hill*.

The High Priest there with art and care,
Hath purg'd with gard'ners skill,
And trench'd out bones, of Adam's sons,
Repos'd in *Leonard's Hill*.

Th' impious deed inverts his Creed,
And Saints with horror fill,
No trumpet last, with Angel's blast,
Hath rear'd *St. Leonard's Hill*.

Graves of the dead, thrown up with spade,
Where long they slept full still,
And turnips grow, from human pow,
Upon *St. Leonard's Hill*.

The devil sure, did them allure,
And grant them hell's protection.
Or they'd been curst before they durst
Begin the resurrection.

*An Alarm to the Meal-mongers and Corn-sellers
in Scotland.*

YE mealy mouth'd mobbers, attend to my song,
Whose plunder brings plenty of blessings along.
No gospel or law starv'd people regard,
For hunger thro' stone-walls a way hath prepar'd.

The bounteous crop that late grac'd each plain,
By Foretallers, damn'd rascals, the worst of all men,
Is seiz'd ev'ry boll, not one peck to be found,
Till their profits are rais'd to ten shillings per pound.
With luxury pamper'd the meal-mongers ride ;
Their profits are huge and their consciences wide ;
The cry of the orphan no pity can draw,
Nor the gulph of damnation keep villains in awe.

To starve a whole kingdom in midst of great store,
Is what they now do, and have oft done before ;
With specious pretences they cover their fraud,
To famish a country make poets run mad ;
Heav'n thus long provok'd, will vengeance pour down,
Upon (shall I name them) the rogues of our town ;
For with-holding its blessings on mankind to flow,
And abusing the plenty which God did bestow.

Ye tradesmen enraged, who ventur'd your lives,
For meat to your children and your loving wives ;
Restrain now your passion, let good laws take place,
For mobbing, tho' useful, is but a disgrace.

O cheaters, take warning by John Muat's fate !
Hear the whispers of conscience before 'tis too late.
For wealth gain'd by wickedness, vengeance, will bring,
Your gold will be usefess, when your neck's in a string.
Nor would I insure you, for all your fine dust,
For if you persist in a trade that's unjust,
The needy will curse you, your Maker will frown,
Your mem'ry will stink, and your soul it will drown.

At Leith, too, thou villain, repent and give o'er,
Consider what crime 'tis the poor to devour ;

The grand royal sage, who rul'd in the east,
 Says with-holders of corn will be damned at least.
 Medina the painter for a firlof of meal,
 Will lend thee his bible, this truth to reveal ;
 Or if he refufe thee, Claudero himfelf
 Will lend thee his fcripture to fave thee from hell.
 This wholefome advice I beg you'll attend,
 For better late thrive than never to mend :
 Thy country, injur'd by rafcals like thee,
 Will make dire example on many curs'd tree,
 To the terror of other ingroffers of corn,
 Who buy up the victual before it is thorn.
 Your factors and clerks, with riches and pride,
 Abroad in their coaches are able to ride,
 While thoufands of children are meagre and pale,
 Whole parents are ruin'd by the dearth of your meal.
 Ye monfters of mankind, what 'vailleth your ftore,
 When the practice of virtue you leave and give o'er ?
 Believe ye the gofpel, or 'poftolic creed ?
 The devil gets villains, as foon as they're dead :
 And as for your lives, they will not be long,
 So therefore I pray you give ear to my fong,
 Be honeft, hear confcience if any you have,
 Or this dire infcription fhall ftand on your grave.

E P I T A P H.

Old Gripus lies beneath this fod,
 Hated by men and damn'd by G---d.
 Bad meal and dear he always fold,
 And went to hell for love of gold.
 The needy's curfe he often got,
 Which fent him to Belzebub's pot,
 Amongft the devils now he's cramm'd,
 And like a villain doubly damn'd.

A Caution against Mobbing.

YE Poets, be cautious what muse ye invoke,
 Be careful too, Printers, and do not provoke
 The guardians of justice, or laws of our land;
 When you oppose either, 'gainst reason you stand.
 To justify tumults, no man should pretend,
 Else farewell to order, peace then's at an end:
 The Scriptures divine, our good wholesome acts,
 And rules that are social, forbid such attacks:
 Tho' engrossing forestallers by these are condemn'd,
 Let the legislature the oppressed defend.
 'Tis the magistrate's duty these harpies to stop,
 By ending their crimes, with their lives, in a rope.
 These wicked loch-leeches, both here and elsewhere,
 Should to justice be brought, all good people declare;
 For why should they feed on the blood of the poor,
 And starve a whole kingdom, the orphan devour?

O Royal Grand Sovereign, we beseech thee to hear,
 The cry of thy subjects let come to thine ear:
 Let no high connection such vermin defend,
 But justice' sharp sword their malpractices end,
 A proof by ten thousand, their guilt shall attest,
 O grant us this proof, and thy people are blest:
 By necessity urged, we are forced to cry,
 To our king, as our father, to grant us supply;
 For our Printers are seized, their labours are burnt,
 And Poets dare scarcely resent the affront.

No mob I encourage, nor rioters join,
 Nor do I 'gainst law and the rulers combine;
 I pity *John Muat*, who fell without blame,
 Who suffer'd for others that he can well name:
 I condole the fair traders, who were willing to sell
 At a moderate price, when the mob on them fell,
 And rifling their houses, did pillage their store,
 And ruin'd whole fam'lies, whose case I deplore:
 Then where is the justice the press to knock down?
 Or why should the poet here suffer a frown?

Fair liberty, sure, will hear us complain,
 Against those oppressors, who add to our pain,
 And law on engrossers must surely take hold,
 Which wou'd put an end to all mobbing, I'm told.
 Then seize on the guilty, convict them in haste,
 Till then, peace or plenty we never will taste ;
 For judges themselves, if starved to rage,
 Would fight for their victuals, and swear it was sage.
 I refer to my country both parts of my song,
 I will humbly submit, if my judgment is wrong ;
 But if I am right, I freedom will plead,
 For fighting the strains of poor people in need.
 And to show all engrossers that I am a hero,
 I'll boldly affix here the name of

CLAUDERO.

P. S. Among the number of scurrilities in the North Britons, there are also to be found a few very unlucky facts ; and too true it is, that the freedom of this country, compared with that of its sister kingdom, will vanish into arbitrary petty tyranny. Would an Englishman believe, that it was practicable for two engrossers to seize upon a Printer, and escort him under a strong military guard, from *Leith* to the city of *Edinburgh*, and then to have his papers burnt, merely because they spoke to the same purpose as does the word of God, and our acts of parliament, against engrossers and fore-stallers? No!—Would he believe that a *Scotsman* may be starved to death, with money in his pocket ; yea, many thousands of them ; yet dare not for the souls of them complain upon those who retain all the victual in the country, till they have an exorbitant price, more than the labours of the people can afford ! No. — For God's love, let not these, and many other scandalous abuses of freedom, transpire to the ears of Mr. *Wilkes*, or we must certainly be ashamed of the contempt, justly poured upon us for our pusillanimity.

*A SERMON preached by CLAUDERO,
on the Condemnation of the Netherbow
Porch of Edinburgh, 9th July 1764, be-
fore a crowded Audience.*

*There is no remembrance of former things ; neither shall
there be any remembrance of things that are to come,
with those that shall come after. Eccl. i. 11.*

BEHOLD, ye sons and daughters of Edina, and consider the vanity of every thing under the sun. The taste of one generation is to rear stately spires, porches, and walls surrounding towns ; while that of another is to extend spacious streets, and remove every obstruction to trade and commerce. A third generation cometh, who improveth still on the works of the former, by adding real advantages, or imaginary beauties thereto.—Nature itself is continually changing : large ships may ride at anchor where populous cities formerly flourished, and islands have been made in the sight of the mariner. Our bodies, too, are perpetually imbibing new qualities, as is intimated to us in the 4th verse of this first chapter of *Ecclesiastes*, *One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth for ever.* And the inspired royal sage further saith, verse 10. *Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new ? it hath been already of old time, which was before us.*—Let none therefore presume to say, No more shall the royal stranger pass under the triumphal arch of Edina, and the hope of the loyalist is perished. This city may yet be the seat of empire, and a succession of glorious kings may reign in it : but who can foretel that happy period, or whether such things are at all in the womb of fate. The vagabond children of Jacob believe, that Jerusalem will yet be rebuilt, and that their dispersed clans will be gathered together : therefore hope, like those Jacobites, yea, I

say, it is better for you to hope, even though you should be disappointed.

What was too hard for the great ones of the earth, yea, even queens, to effect, is now, even now in our day, accomplished. No patriot duke opposeth the scheme, as did the great Argyll in the grand senate of our nation; therefore the project shall go into execution, and down shall Edina's lofty porches be hurled with a vengeance.——Streets shall be extended to the east, regular and beautiful, as far as the Frigate Whins, and Porto Bello shall be a lodge for the captors of tea and brandy. The city shall be joined to Leith on the north, and a procession of wise masons shall there lay the foundation of a spacious harbour. Pequín or Nanquin shall not be able to compare with Edina for magnificence. Our city shall be the greatest wonder of the world; and the fame of its glory shall reach the distant ends of the earth.

But lament, O thou descendant of the royal Dane, and chief of the tribe of Wilson, for thy shop, contiguous to the porch, shall be dashed to pieces, and its place will know thee no more.

The habitation of the celebrated hero FINGAL shall also be broke down, and Macgregor, his armour-bearer, shall be removed, the Lord knows where. Yet shall the ancient FINGAL be established on some happier dome, and the loyal Macgregor find a safe protection under his shield.

No more shall the melodious voice of the loyalist Grant, like a lark, be heard in the morning; nor shall he, any more, shake the bending wand towards the triumphal arch.——Let all who angle in deep waters lament, for verily Tom had not his equal.

No more shall the porch resound to the hammer of the chearful Zaccheus; and his neighbours are bathed in tears at the overthrow of his well-tuned anvil.

The Netherbow coffee-house of the loyal Smeiton can now no longer enjoy its ancient name with propriety; and from henceforth the *Revolution Coffee-house* shall its name be called.

Our gates must be extended wide for accommodating the gilded chariots, which, from the luxury of the age, are become numerous.—With an impetuous career they jostle against one another in our streets, and the unwary foot passenger is in danger of being crushed to pieces.

The loaded cart itself cannot withstand their fury, and the hideous yells of Coal Johnie resound through the vaulted sky.—The four-milk barrels are overturned, and deluges of Corstorphin cream run down our strands, while the poor unhappy milk-maid wrings her hands with sorrow.

Who then can blame the wise guardians of Edina, whose greatest care is the preservation of her people, and the safety of her inhabitants?—Be hush, therefore, ye malevolent tongues, let sedition perish, and animosities be forgotten.

Your porch falls a sacrifice to luxury, let that be the butt of your just resentment.

The chief Magistrate is devoted to the service of the city, and its glory is his greatest aim.—Disinterested are his views, his noble plans proclaim his merit, and his memory shall be dear to posterity.

Let those who run down the stream of popular prejudice, be here reprov'd, and open their eyes to conviction.—Hath any man a claim to perfection? Surely none; for then he would be no longer human. Our Creator himself escapeth not our presumption, how then shall we be safe from one another?

Now, my dear friends and fellow citizens, I conclude this sermon with my ardent wish, that you, and I, and every individual of the human race, may, like Edina's eastern porch, be changed from worse to better. *Amen.*

*The last Speech, Confession, and Dying Words,
of the Netherbow Porch of Edinburgh ;
which was exposed to roup and sale, on
Thursday the 9th of August, 1764.*

I Was erected by King James VI. of ever glorious memory, whose effigies was put up on my inside, and stood there, till demolished by *Cromwell* the Usurper. My inscription is as follows :

Anag.

Aris excubo.

Jacobus Rex.

Non sic excubiæ, nec circumstantia pile,
Ut tutatur amor.—

Englisbed thus :

Watch-tow'rs, and thund'ring walls, vain fences prove,
No guards to monarchs like their peoples love.

Jacobus VI. Rex, Anna Regina, 1606.

May my clock be struck dumb in the other world, if I lie in this ; and may MACK, the reformer of *Edina's* lofty spires, never bestride my weather-cock on high, if I deviate from truth in these my last words. Tho' my fabric shall be levelled with the dust of the earth. yet I fall in hope, that my cock shall be exalted on some more modern dome, where it shall shine like the burnished gold, reflecting the rays of the sun to the eyes of ages unborn. The daring Mack shall yet look down from my cock, high in the airy region, to the brandy shops below, where large grey-beards shall appear to him no bigger than mutchkin bottles, and mutchkin bottles shall be in his sight like the spark of a diamond.

Many, alas! have been my crimes, but the greatest of all was, receiving the head of the brave Marquis of Montrose from the hands of dastardly miscreants ; that

loyal hero, who cut down enthusiastic traitors by thousands at Tippermoor, Bridge of Dee, Aldern, Alford, Inverlochy, and Kilsyth; and who, at last, suffered death in the cause of his sovereign Charles the Martyr. If the names of those wretches beyond the river Styx have any knowledge of human affairs, they will assuredly gnash their teeth, and, like devils, bewail my downfall. O! let the name of the gallant Grahams be ever dear to this country, as patterns of loyalty, and protectors of Scotland's liberty.

The great Montrose performed the duty of a good soldier, for he left not his centry-post on my dome till he was relieved; and it gave me no pleasure to bear the heads of either party, as I always hated acts of cruelty.

I answered the end of my erection for a number of years, till, at last, I was basely polluted by the captors of tea and brandy, who made my lodge a cage for unclean birds.---Whores and rogues had, in my bowels; their nocturnal meetings, and Irish Jane with her gang were received into my reverend dome, as oft as the spoils of their cullies could afford to treat the keepers thereof.---May heavy curses light on the heads of those prostitutes, and nimble vengeance overtake the waiters, whose insatiable greed of drink would even tempt them to pledge and entertain the devil and his angels.

The clock-maker, at the first rumour of my downfall, deserted me with precipitation, and fled, swift as time itself, to the Tron-church, where there never was an altar to protect the fugitive.

The upholsterer, that meek and peaceable lamb, is so much grieved and troubled at the thoughts of my untimely downfall, that, ever since my condemnation, he has only supported his spirits by diverting himself with his Puggy*.

No prayers were put up for my preservation in the temples of Edina, for my cruel sentence was to suffer an ignominious downfall without the benefit of clergy.

* The Puggy may be seen at the Netherbow Coffee-house, from six in the morning till twelve at night, week day and holiday.

According to the *Caledonian Mercury*, I was even deserted by a grave colony of rats, who were so audacious as to leave my fabric, even in the face of the sun, and to march through my wicket in solemn procession to the ground floors in Leith and St. Mary's wynd, at the hour of eight.

My gates were shut by the exasperate inhabitants of the city against those who might have prolonged the inglorious life of Captain Porteous, which I have not, even to my dying hour, repented of: and though my ruin, at that period, seemed certain, yet the great Argyll, a powerful patriot, diverted the blow.

My fabric is not near the age of the ancient Cross of Edina, or the Abbey-porch, yet I have seen many strange turns of fortune; I have seen chief magistrates esteemed as demi-gods, and have again seen them sink into popular disesteem; so fickle is the voice of the public, that a wise man ought not to be elated with their loudest acclamations, nor cast down when they inveigh most bitterly against him. In fine, I have now seen enough to make me weary of standing here as a watchman any longer, and my stony heart shrinks not at all at my dissolution.

My sentence, though just, I must insist to be very hard; yet I forgive my judges and jury. I also wish happiness to the Good Town, where I have stood as a sentinel for one hundred and fifty-eight years. My untimely fall is owing to my first narrow construction; and it is too true, that I have not been capacious enough, for some years past, to receive the implements of luxury, which, though heavily taxed by the government, multiply both in city and country; such is the loyalty, joined with the laziness of the great patriots of the kingdom, that, no doubt, they will greatly increase, when my well-cemented fabric is disjoined, and razed to the ground.

Farewell, all ye stately and magnificent buildings around me, I fall, as I stood, in peace with you all. And I conclude my speech with this prayer, *May the*

*luxury, laziness, and patriotism of the great ones always
subsist and increase. Amen.*

*Funeral Oration on the Worthy Mr. James
Stirling, late Fish-monger in Edinburgh ;
spoken (before a Number of Gentlemen) ex
tempore, by Claudero.*

Ut Pictura Poesis erit.

*If you won't give the Price for the Fish, go about your
Business.*

BEHOLD the exemplary life of *James Stirling*, nor
think it useless to mankind. He stretched forth his
hands to the poor, and the needy he turned not away
from his gate. He was a man among many thousands :
O! what a man he was. Ye Fish-wives, bear witness to
his œconomy: let *Musselburgh* and *Prestonpans* pour
forth tears. Ye who feed upon the luscious oyster, la-
ment: let the tabernacle of *Middlemist* go into mourn-
ing, while *Mackenzie*, his rival, is drunk with joy. No
more shall the horn of *Joseph* be heard in our streets,
nor fresh herrings, a month old, regale the wicked
CLAUDERO.

Be hush, ye malevolent tongues, and let calumny be
silent. Lament, ye widows, and let the orphans be o-
verwhelmed in sorrow. Who now shall feed you with
the freshest of fishes, and fill your bellies with untimely
veal? *James Stirling* is now no more! he is gone to
his place appointed: from henceforth he shall rest from
his labours, and his works will follow him. He starved
himself that the poor might feast; yea, he was emaciate
to the very bones! The coarsest of bread was his food,
while the crystal stream allayed his thirst.

Strong liquors were an abomination unto him, and high feeding his soul abhorred. He hated the gait of oppression, nor did he give Deacon *Alison* cause to complain : two thousand six hundred pounds he despised, and threw it at the Deacon's feet ; yea, at the feet of *Alison* did he let it fall. Surprising generosity ! matchless humanity ! O ! *Jamie Stirling*, *Jamie Stirling* ! O ! thou art gone to the *Elysian* fields, while we are left to weep thy untimely fate. Let the coast-towns of *Fife* ring a mournful peal, and the south-west winds that detained the fish from the banks of *Crail*, cease to blow. Ye Salmon of the river *Tay*, keep now your watery element ; and all ye finny tribe, who fill the *Forth*, avoid the snare of the fisher. Let the mansion of Charity muffle its bell, or be deprived of its tongue by the hands of the sage *John Dingwall*. Ye manufacturers of *Hodden-brown*, bid farewell to trade, and dash your shuttles against the wall : For lo ! the children of the Charity-workhouse shall run naked, and the hoary head shall want a covering ; for their Treasurer is now no more ; he is gone, and the blessing of the poor has followed him. His salary was but a mere trifle, and even that he bequeathed to the poor. By fire was *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* destroyed, even so twice was the habitation of the righteous *Stirling* ! Rain falls upon the just and unjust ; fire in like manner deprived this man of his All. He spurned at the generous contribution of the city, and threw their donation into the lap of the needy. Such were the ways of this godly man, and his memory shall never rot : O let it not be mangled by the unhallowed hands of *David Fife* ; let him write panegyrics for *Lambourn*, and the dancing Bear. These themes are proper for the servile muse, and well adapted to the illiterate press of *Bauldie*. But let *Ossian's* strains record the fame of the worthy *Stirling* ; and let the pen of *Macpherson* paint his praise. — O let the fire of the son of *Fingal* descend upon *Claudero* the son of *Nimrod* ; and may he never enter into the tents of Captain *Rob* ; for there no laurels grow, and the fear of the Lord is not in his dwellings.

On the bloody Massacre of the Dogs in Edinburgh ; wrote for the Consolation of their sorrowful Owners, Summer 1763.

OLD *Homer* blind, in lofty strains,
Sung *Ilium* and its scarlet plains ;
Yet did not travel to our land
To picturesque the bloody band ;
Nor shall I soar to *Rome* or *Greece*,
For images to deck my piece ;
But where the tragedy was wrought,
From thence my matter shall be brought.

To magistrates, my grateful song
Shall never attribute a wrong ;
Their wholesome edict, pass'd of late,
My muse approves, good for the state,
And dire examples plainly show,
What mischief may from mad dogs flow.
But oh ! that horrid barb'rous gang,
Who're fit to murder, stab or hang : *
Give them command, they'll cut our throats,
Altho' they cost us many groats.
With cruel sport, for greed of gain,
How many sober dogs they've slain,
Who thoughtless ventur'd on the street,
And did their savage butchers meet ;
Who, *primo loco*, gave the blows,
They curs, when slain, they did cognosce ;
Contrair to law or social act,
They perpetrate the murd'ring fact ;
So folks at *Jedburgh* us'd of old
To hang men first, then judge them cold.

Some chairmen too here lent a hand,
And join'd for pelf the bloody band ;
But better could not be expected,
As they're to brutes so near connected ;

* The City Guard.

And heav'n has form'd these Christian horse,
 For purpose good, void of remorse.
 To murder cats and dogs unruly,
 Who sweat not in the month of *July* ;
 And who's so fit for slaughter's task,
 As those who never mercy ask ?
 Who ne'er to heav'n preferr'd their pray'r,
 Or wants or wishes to be there.
 Rapacious, greedy, fierce, and wild,
 They're merciless ev'n to a child ;
 Quite destitute of human grace,
 Like *Greenland* bears, fit for the chace.

Who'll now guard *Crispin's* * awls and thread,
 Since his three jolly dogs are dead ?
 Like lions fierce they stood without,
 Protectors of his whoring bout ;
 His love for them did far surpass,
 The love he bore to *Yarrow's* lass ; †
 Yet nothing could the poor tykes save,
 And now their skins the tanners have.
 Some *Crispin*, of a harder heart,
 May work them up with skill and art ;
 But for his part, he'll ne'er more stitch,
 The skin of water-dog or bitch.

We with the canine generation
 May never give us more vexation ;
 For, ever faithful to their masters,
 They stand our friends in all disasters :
 Tho' father, mother, sister, brother,
 Should all forsake, your dog will never.
 Let pity fill the human breast,
 And dogs from persecution rest,
 Is what we wish and what we want,
 And thus I end my canine cant.

* A shoemaker at the Bow-head, who always traversed the streets
 with three curs at his heels.

† Not the celebrated *Mary Scot*.

*Epistle to Claudero on his Arrival at
London, 1765.*

CLAUDERO, welcome to this city?
Tho' mis'd, I dare say, at auld Reeky;
Where thou did'st give them mony a sweety,
Baith sharp and keen:
But candy'd o'er to make them pretty,
And please the een.

The ballad-fingers and the printers,
Must surely now have starving winters:
Their prels they may break a' in splinters,
I'm told they swear,
Claudero's muse, alas! we've tint her
For ever mair.

Now whores and bawds do what they will,
And Hangie he may scourge or kill,
Or others they may get a bill
To move the Cross;
Or yet King *Charles*, if they will,
Frae Parl'ment Close.

Now vice may rear her hydra's head,
And strike defenceless virtue dead;
Religion's heart may melt and bleed
With grief and sorrow,
Since satire from your streets is fled,
Poor Edinburrow.

But, Sir, I hope you'll pardon me,
Being a stranger, to make so free,
As write those dog'rels unto thee,
Who art a poet;
And how you came to that degree,
I'll plainly show it.

When ALLAN dy'd, the muses then
Did mourn aloud baith put and ben ;
Apollo sigh'd ! but spoke up then,

I've still an hero

In Caledon.——Syne took his pen,
And wrote CLAUDERO.

Then Thalia, fill'd with strong desire,
The comic genius to inspire,
And warm thee with poetic fire,
Flew off with speed ;
Apollo, with harmonious lyre,
Approv'd the deed.

Thus the deity of Parnassus,
Dispatches forth those modest lasses,
To lure us with their kind caresses,
And smiles indulgent ;
Apollo, aids their noble causes,
With rays refulgent.

By this you see your call is sure ;
Not smuggled in at private door ;
As was Rob Kerr, and many more,
As well as me,
Wha's got the frothe, but not the store
Of poetry.

But yet I hope you'll not despise
My wishes, 'cause they dare to rise,
To court your friendship, eager flies,
Wing'd with ambition :
Which, if you grant, contented dies
In full fruition.

Nae mair I'll say until we meet,
And then my wish will be compleat,
When anes we get a hearty weat
With drink at Brodie's :
Our spirits then will mount as fleet
As god or goddess.

Leave factious curs to bite or snarrel
 And choke them with seditious quarrel,
 Whilst thou and I, my honest carl,
 Bauld and heroic,
 Will fight with weapons frae the barrel.
 Yours, GEORDIE BOICK.

Claudero to Mr. George Boick.

GREAT thanks to *Boick's* friendly lays,
 For bards like *Claud* are fond of praise;
 But thou has screw'd my muse so high,
 Like Dedalus, in air to fly,
 She dreads his fate, and must implore,
 Beneath fam'd Allan's wings to soar.
 Your compliment, by far too great,
 Sits aukward on my crazy pate;
 Of Helicon thou art partaker,
 Poor *Claud*, at best, a crambo-maker;
 While *Boick* claims Apollo's rays,
 Mine are the cabbage, his the bays:
 I do beseech thee in thy grace,
 To show me thine and Lawder's face,
 In Wattie Kerr's, at the White Bear,
 Where *Claud* presides in elbow chair,
 On Tuesday nineteenth of November,
 There I to *Boick* will surrender
 My pen, my friendship, and my seat:
 And dub thee, as Scots Allan, great!
 I pray accept my invitation,
 And I am thine in any station.
 In Brodie's too, I'll meet my hero,
 Where you shall quaff with friend *Claudero*;
 And if the cash can well afford,
 We'll chearful be as laird or lord.

On St. Crispin's day, October 25th, 1763.

COME let us prepare,
Jolly hearts ev'ry where,
Each shoemaker sing and be merry,
Let mirth now abound,
And bumpers go round,
Of Claret, Champaign, and Canary.

* Blythe is our chose King,
Then blythly come sing,
Let faction be drove from our quarter,
May virtue inspire,
Is all we desire,
We envy no Knight of the Garter.

Our Royal Patron,
He wore the apron,
And was an extreme honest fellow,
Our craft is more great,
Without all debate,
Than many who more loudly bellow.

We still bear in mind,
And show to mankind,
Our loyalty by a procession,
To Crispin the great,
Who left kingly state,
And liv'd in a shoemaker's station.

Tyrannical vice,
In Royal disguise,
Did banish this Prince and his brother,
We received them fair,
We taught them with care,
And thus we became one another.

* Blythe is here to be understood both substantively, and ad-
jectively.

63. The kingdom we aid,
 By shoemakers trade,
 Of ladies we oft take the measure,
 And Queens must submit,
 To shew us their foot;
 Yea Empresses do it with pleasure.

The King on the throne,
 The Prince too his son,
 Without our Craft's friendly assistance,
 They bare-foot might go,
 Thro' frost and thro' snow,
 If shoemakers were at a distance.

Old Adam himself,
 Soon after he fell,
 Did drive up his last into leather,
 And made the first shoes,
 To Eve his dear spouse;
 Tho' clumsily tacked together.

Be that as it will,
 'Tis certain our skill,
 Could not very long be a wanting;
 For boots, brogs, or shoes,
 Were early in use,
 Which saved mens feet when a-planting.

While misers are vex'd,
 With riches perplex'd,
 We whistle at work without sorrow;
 We value no gain,
 Which brings with it pain,
 Nor trouble our tune with to-morrow.

Our very great care,
 Is to pleasure the fair,
 Whom shoemakers fit always neatly,
 Our sweet-hearts and wives,
 We love as our lives,
 And by them are loved compleatly.

To sum up the whole,
 Let us Crispin extol,
 And be of his virtues partakers;
 Then all will applaud,
 And sing loud as *Claud*,
 The fame and great worth of shoemakers.

INTRODUCTORY ORATION.

Delivered 20th of March, 1765.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following Oration is calculated for your amusement and my benefit, and if either one or both of us miss of our aim, no doubt we have cause to complain: But if I can be able, for fifteen minutes, to harangue you to the purpose, I am, in that event, to be thought more worthy than those of my profession, who hold forth during the peregrination of an half hour glass, still talking about it, and about it, without ever adventuring to come to the point in question. These Orators, Gentlemen, have a handsome annual salary, and do not in the least depend on the affluence or bounty of their audience, consequently may be less careful to entertain them properly. But the case is quite reverse with Claudero, who has his sole dependence on the benevolence of individuals; therefore it may reasonably be expected, he will exert every faculty of his soul, in order to acquit himself to the universal satisfaction of those Gentlemen, who do him the honour to attend his Orations.

This being my first appearance in the character of an Orator, I would not, nay, I durst not trust my memory

with what I am about to deliver, especially when I considered myself in the presence of such a polite and learned audience, capable of observing the minutest error either in Etymology or Syntax : and as it is the invariable practice of many of my learned brethren-orators of a long standing, to deliver their discourses from a studied manuscript, even tho' the bulk of their audience are composed of the lowest and most illiterate class, such as Coblers, Kail-wives, Cinder-wenches, &c. Therefore, Gentlemen, I too hope to be excused, and indulged with the like assistance, especially as I do not pretend to be inspired with the spirit of Enthusiasm, or to be under the influence of any inward light, or supernatural gift of Oratory, that might enable me to hold forth *extempore* to the satisfaction of you, Gentlemen, whom I think myself, in duty bound to acknowledge as judges both of Claudero and his Orations. To be brief then, I do not intend, in the prosecution of my subjects, to quote other Orators, purely with an intention of throwing dirt in their faces, as is too often the practice of many of my learned brethren, who thereby endeavour to insinuate to their pupils, that their own capacities are so far superior to all that ever spoke or wrote before them, that they bid fair to stand on the records of fame *sine qua non* ; and as it were bid defiance to future ages to treat them in the same scurvy manner.---This method of depretiating others is by the moderns called oblique puffing. The direct puff again is, where Orators recommend and stamp a value upon themselves in a more blunt and immediate way ; for a specimen of both, read the puffs and inaugural puffs of

* Dr. SMOUSE the duellist, who deserves to be struck out of the list of Orators for his bloody disposition, and late invidious publications. But this is deviating from my plan, to descend to particulars, and when I do so for the future, it shall only be with a view to point out by an example, what would otherwise take me up more time to illustrate by a definition.

* A Physician, who attempted an eminent Professor's chair with sword and pistol.

Gentlemen, I am to lay it down as a rule, through the whole course of my subsequent Orations, to speak reverently of things and persons sacred; to be cautious of offending even the most delicate modesty, or giving personal affronts.

I purpose to entertain my audience with subjects both improving and interesting, and in discoursing of these, I am not to put on the affected gloom of some Orators, as I hold it very unsuitable to my present undertaking: But, on the contrary, if I find my spirits a key or so too low, I will in presence administer an exhilarating draught, which will tone Claudero like an organ; by causing the animal spirits mount and flow through my cranium, in the same way as heat does the fluid in a Thermometer.

In place of coughs, or hums or haws,
With porter make a proper pause.

In short, gentlemen, I must beg leave to differ, in almost every circumstance, from the common and usual mode of Orators, and by introducing my own natural method, perhaps entirely new, set up for myself, not on the ruins of my learned brethren (from whom I have copied nothing, but this antique gown and voluminous tie-wig) but allénarly on a fund of experience, entirely my own; nor shall it be in any malignant critic's power, to accuse me of Plagiarism, as I have no library nor collection of books other than JOHN BUNYAN my Theologist and ROBISON CRUSOE my historian, from which I can have the least assistance; and if I were to have recourse to those, every old woman would have it in her power to detect CLAUDERO.

May wit and humour aid my sense,
Come, flow, good natur'd eloquence;
Let private Satire banish'd be,
From ev'ry Preacher and from me:
Ye gen'rous youths, this scheme applaud,
And listen to the words of Claud.

The task I have undertaken, GENTLEMEN, is arduous, and might terrify a coward to go through with it; yet I am not in the least afraid of furnishing once a week, a proper repast for a virtuous and well disposed mind, providing I meet with suitable encouragement, but, without that, insipid dulness will soon prevail; to avoid which, CLAUDERO proposes to pipe no longer, than your cash dances to his chanter.

Cash vivifies the tongue and pen,
And whets the sword on ev'ry plain;
Great Frederick, the Prussian hero,
Needs cash oft times, as well's Claudero:
Nor had he e'er such laurels gain'd,
If cash had not been first obtain'd.
My laurels too shall quickly grow,
If brilliant cash you oft bestow.

Foreign Mimics have had the effrontery of late, to persuade the Sons and Daughters of EDINA, that they could neither speak read nor write, and one of them delivered several rhetorical lectures to crowded audiences, in order to inform us of what he alledged we knew nothing of, tho' it was indeed *vice versa*; However he gain'd his point so far as to pick up L. 500 in this metropolis, and when he was attack'd by myself in a Pamphlet, wherein I endeavour'd to counteract him, by challenging the whole itinerant fraternity to read some celebrated Scots pieces, he fled with precipitation, and scoffingly, tho' consistent with justice and truth, told he had got L. 500 for informing the Scots of what they knew much better than himself.

By introducing this story, I mean to persuade you to keep your own Fish Guts to your own Sea Maws, and not to despise a Plumb-tree for no other or better cause, than its being brought forth and nourish'd in your own Garden.

I too am possess'd, Gentlemen, of a Syllabus of Lectures on Rhetoric, and could undertake to deliver a very

beneficial course thereof, in the space of one month, at a very cheap rate, but as this would be interfering with the province of a learned and eminent gentleman of this city, who is in every respect better qualified for that task, I on that account, at present, forbear it.

There is one thing, however, Gentlemen, that I must observe to you, and that is, that it will be necessary all unlucky prejudices against my personal appearance and character be laid aside, and to give me an impartial hearing before you proceed to censure, as I indeed came by my lame leg, in the same way I came by my lame character; both very undeservedly.

Some may say, *when the Fox preaches, beware of the Geese*; But this would be dubbing, perhaps, a poor innocent lamb a Fox, without assigning or giving a proper *causa scientiæ*, and would reflect as little honour on you, Gentlemen, my Auditory, as upon myself; For, believe me, it would give me infinitely more pain to have you esteemed a parcel of Geese, than to have the name and qualities of a Reynard conferred upon myself: and while you are so charitable as not to suspect me for the one, I will never be so ungrateful, as give you the appellation of the other, for this, at the same time, would be equally prejudicial to my interest and character. And I flatter myself, that, in the sequel, the world will be convinced, that neither of these epithets would be properly applied.

Let envy and malicious hate
Be hush'd; and likewise foul debate,
Debarr'd from ev'ry gen'rous mind;
Impartial judges let me find.
To criticise is very easy,
But let the Critic try to please ye:
He'll find the task perhaps as hard,
As I your most submissive bard;
But from your goodness 'tis expected,
That as I'm lame I'll be protected
From Malcontents, from Fops and Beaux,
Who are to sense and virtue foes.

If, in the course of my Orations, I should emit any thing unintelligible or culpable, I must here (in my Introductory Lecture) most humbly beg not to be impugn'd while on my Rostrum, as this manner of procedure might tend to introduce confusion, and would, perhaps, put me to a fatal and irrecoverable stand; and, in lieu of this preliminary request, I shall become bound to satisfy and amend to my power all such mistakes, by being for the future more explicit or more upon my guard.

To conclude then, Gentlemen, I shall make it my principal study to acquit myself so, as to merit, in some degree, your approbation; by interlarding the comic with the serious, and blending them so together as to make an agreeable *tertium quid*, which will partake partly of both, and at the same time differ widely from either. And I remember, Cato, that excellent and ancient Roman Moralist, saith in his distichs,

*Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis,
Ut possis animi quemvis sufferre laborem.*

Which has been thus rendered into English verse.

“ Mirth with thy labour sometimes put in ure,
“ That better thou mayst thy labour endure.

CLAUDERO hath tried several employments, and, to use the words of the noted and reverend Mago Pico, in his account of himself,

“ God, not a beast, but me did make a man,
“ And not a Turk, but a true Christian;
“ His providence made me a school-master,
“ None of the meanest sort I dare aver.

I have undergone several vicissitudes of fortune, but that blind goddess hath hitherto brow-beat and eluded my embraces.

I was once a Hussar in the army, and had then the vanity of expecting to arrive at the dignity of Captain,

but those pleasing and arrogant hopes soon evanish'd, and in place of bettering my fortune, I was reduced to the most abject circumstances, and forced to wander up and down, as a vagabond, in quest of my former employment.

I was afterwards a sober preceptor at the Dean, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and there maintained a fair character for seven years, till in one unlucky night, I ruined my wife CLAUDINA and five infant CLAUDICLES, by keeping too good company.

It was then no longer practicable for me to teach a school, or live by syllabication; and the Devil and CLAUDERO, from that period, in the acceptance of enthusiasts, became synonymous terms.—I then had recourse to a business, where I could live independent on a character, and for these twelve years past, have been employed by the gentlemen of the law and physic as an Amanuensis, who gave me the same encouragement, as if I had been an angel of light.—But now, gentlemen, I am sorry to say it, I can no more find the wonted demand for the hair strokes of CLAUDERO, and the ladies on the town, I am told, have been too potent rivals for me. It would be impious for me to complain that I am created in the masculine gender, or to envy those prostitutes the rewards of iniquity; so I have, as my dernier effort for a livelihood, attempted to give public Orations, and in my next I propose to recommend that darling virtue, Modesty.

I shall not then, at this time, any longer tire your patience with my Introduction: so for this bout I return you, Gentlemen, my sincere thanks, and bid you heartily farewell.

O R A T I O N II.

On M O D E S T Y.

G E N T L E M E N,

MODESTY hath been defined by moralists, to be a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the soul, which

makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility, as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

- " In modest actions there are certain rules,
- " Which to transgress, confirms us knaves and fools.
- " Immodest words admit of no defence,
- " For want of decency is want of sense."

The ancients had so great a veneration for Modesty in a married state, that Epicharmus, a Sicilian Poet, had a fine set upon his head, only for bolting out a wanton word in the hearing of his wife : and we read of a Roman Senator degraded, barely for kissing his wife in the presence of his daughter.

'Tis to be regreted, that the same delicacy is not observed amongst the moderns; for there are many people now a-days in this part of the world, who, so soon as they are married, lay aside all decent reserve, and take a liberty to extend the privileges of their condition beyond the bounds of sobriety and good manners. Modesty is the duty of a wife, as well as of a virgin ; and it is no longer a virtue, than while it continues all of a piece, in thought, word, and deed ; for loose words lead naturally to loose actions ; and the very provocation to lewdness is within one degree of the thing itself.

Modesty heightens the charms of a woman, and in a more peculiar manner becomes the fair sex, Milton introduces our mother Eve,

- " Yielding with coy submission, modest pride,
- " And sweet reluctant amorous delay."

And Thomson, our celebrated countryman, makes Lavinia engage the young and generous Palæmon, thus,

- " When poor Lavinia drew his eye,
- " Unconscious of her pow'r, and turning quick,
- " With unaffected blushes from his gaze,
- " He saw her charming : but he saw not half

" The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.
 " That very moment, love, and chaste desire
 " Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown,
 " And as he run her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 " Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
 " Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 " Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom."

The Spectator, in one of his speculations, attributes all the jarring mischiefs of the married state, to an immodest deportment after marriage : and Dean Swift gives us a very wanton account to the same tendency, where he tells us how Celia cured her lover, by being guilty of some indecencies at his very elbow, and thereby convinced him of his mistake, in taking her before marriage for a goddess, or an angel : and it was no great wonder that the Cupids, who were hovering round the bed, beat a final or farewell retreat, and gave way to lasting and loathsome disgust, when the young lady nastily laid aside all decent reserve, by sacrificing Modesty at the altar of Hymen, as a quality not useful in the conjugal state.

Man was made in such a hurry, according to the old fable, that Jupiter had forgot to put Modesty into the composition, among his other affections ; and finding that there was no way of introducing it afterwards, man by man, he proposed the turning of it loose among the multitude. Modesty took herself at first to be a little hardly dealt with, but in the end came over to agree to it, upon condition, that carnal love might not be suffered to come into the same company ; for wherever that comes, says Modesty, I am gone.

Sensual love knows neither bars nor bounds. We are all naturally impudent ; only, by custom, and fig-leaves, we have been taught to disguise the matter, and look demurely. Gentlemen, this is what we call Modesty.

The extravagant heats and transports of lovers and voluptuaries take away all shame, and till that devil of an unbridled appetite be laid, there can be no thought of lodging carnal Love and Modesty under the same roof.

Jupiter forgetting Modesty in the composition, of man, intimates to us the difficulty of admitting it till flesh and blood are satiate ; for there is hardly any place for counsel, till those heats are in some measure taken off. And it is no wonder, that when love comes to be without reason, it should be without modesty too : for when it is once past government, it is consequently past shame. When our corruptions, in fine, are strong, and our understanding weak, we are more apt to hearken to the motions of the blood, and to the vain imaginations of a depraved affection, than to the dry doctrines and precepts of authority and virtue.

Gentlemen, This difficulty of keeping young and hot blood in order, does mightily enforce the necessity of an early care for the training up of youth, and giving them a tincture, before it be too late, of those doctrines and principles, by which they are afterwards to govern the whole frame of their lives ; for in their tender years they are more susceptible of profitable and virtuous impressions, than afterwards, when they come to be solicited by the impulse of common and vulgar inclinations. They should, in truth, be kept at a distance from either seeing or hearing ill examples ; especially in an age that is governed more by precedent than by reason : For, according to the old maxim, *Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile*.

Solomon, the royal eastern sage, says, A whore is a deep ditch ; he compares her also to a pit or trap, and most pathetically advises to shun the doors of her house ; for, says he, *her gates lead down to death, and her steps take hold on hell*. And towards the end of a life, spent in all manner of voluptuousness and carnal pleasure, when the fountains of youth and health, that supplied the stream of pleasure, were dried up ; then, and not till then, he cried out, *that it was all vanity and vexation of spirit*.

A well frequented stew oft puts me in mind of the college office-house, where rank filth, in an undecent manner, is perpetually poured out : however, I hear there is a new and elegant house of office built, where every gentleman, belonging to the college, has a key. The

scheme is modest and pretty ; and, 'tis hoped, that it will afford a notable hint for every man of pleasure, as is the custom in Spain, to padlock his mistress, and put the key in his pocket.

But here, Gentlemen, I must beg your pardon, when I call to mind that my text is Modesty, and shall endeavour, in the course of this oration, to make as few foul digressions of this sort as possible.

The greatest of Orators are some times necessitate to exemplify things by their opposite qualities. So Chymists, in like manner, are in use to define *acids* by *alkalies*, and *alkalies* by *acids*. Every virtue is best pointed out by explaining its opposite vice ; and every vice too, is best illustrate by recommending its opposite virtue. Be pleased then, Gentlemen, to let this suffice for my excuse, and, after I have taken a draught of porter, I shall proceed. 'Tis as hard a thing for a man to know when to speak, as when to hold his tongue ; and to govern himself, in both cases, with modesty and prudence : But the difficulty will be, where to begin ; for they are effectually two works in one. Some men are silent for want of matter or assurance, and some again are talkative for want of sense ; and there is one unhappiness in the case too, that the worst speakers are commonly the longest, and men of vanity rather than men of business. I have heard of a tedious haranguer, who, when he had run himself out of breath, and his auditory out of patience with a long-winded speech, asked a friend of his to tell him freely what he liked best in his oration ? Who gave him this answer, That he liked that best which was left out. To come to my point ; The skill of managing this province aright, is, in truth, the master-piece of a sober man's life, for we are always either talking or saying nothing, in a constant succession of speech and silence by turns.

As humility regulates the interior, so modesty disciplines the exterior. This is the index that marks the motion of our soul : It discovers the situation of our passions, and tells us whether they obey the empire of sense or of reason. For providence seems to have designed the face, not only for ornament, but for information

Nay, the soul flies into our behaviour, and we can read its inclination, and disgust as legibly in our actions, as phylicians the state of the body by the beating of the pulse.

I shall not consider modesty in opposition to wantonness; this would lead me too far: but as it is defined by Zeno, THE SCIENCE OF DECENT MOTION, *i. e.* As it polishes the exterior, and cuts off all those exorbitancies that render our conversation offensive. I know indeed St. Paul commends it in this acception to all; but tho' it reaches the masculine part of our species, it concerns more properly the feminine; and 'tis no more esteemed a bare ornament, but a propriety of the sex. So that a woman discarded of modesty, ought to be gazed upon as a monster. Let her be set off with all the other embellishments of art and nature, so long as boldness is read in her face; this vice alone will eclipse her other perfections, and like a cloud overcast all the glittering beams of beauty, wit, and dignity.

Nor indeed is it any wonder that Modesty is so much the right and interest of the sex, for this is the Argus that guards their treasure, against all the attacks of surprise and imprudence. When Brennus with his victorious army entered Rome, the gravity and majesty of the senators awed the licentious soldiers into such a respect and reverence, that not one, for a long time, durst approach them. And I believe that a woman well stock'd with Modesty, may look upon the loose desires, and keep at a distance the attempts of the most impudent assailant; for certainly true virtue has more authority than affectation, and a Christian reservedness, than a stoical severity.

When a town is well provided within, and strongly fenced with out-works, a victorious general has seldom the courage to attempt the siege. The expence, the length of time, the losses; the uncertainty of success scar him from the enterprize; so that he wheels off to the less fortified, as being of more easy conquest. Our gallants seem to follow the same method; they are so far from tempting a modest woman, that they dare scarce look her in the face: Her countenance and air rather

fright passion than excite it ; they conjure down impure love, and raise respect and esteem. In fine, she is so encompassed with modesty, that there is no making an approach, and, of consequence, no prospect of success ; and this difficulty cools the most fiery lust, and discourages the most violent sensuality. None but a ruffian will attempt to violate such a sanctuary.

But when they espy a lady without reservedness, who is endued with many attractive qualities, and has nothing that awes, no out-works that guard her virtue, they are tempted to storm her constancy ; and if she lends a patient ear to the encomiums of her wit and beauty, if she stays to receive the attack, she is in danger of being at discretion. For, in short, this remissness is a kind of capitulation, 'tis a sure mark that the defendant is press'd, and then follows a surrender. So that the necessity of this virtue ought to awake the care of ladies, and quicken their endeavours to purchase it.

Modesty is a mixture of gravity and sweetness, that stamps piety on the behaviour, and makes the divine transports of the soul sparkle in the very eyes : It reaches every part of the exterior, and guides our whole comportment abroad and at home, in our closet, and in conversation ; it plants virtue upon the fore-head, and embellishes the exterior with an universal decorum.

E P I L O G U E.

AS 'tis the custom of play-actors,
To thank their friends and benefactors,
In epilogues compos'd in verse,
Which they, like apes, do but rehearse :
So 'tis a preacher's duty more,
To wish his hearers grace and glory.
I too, return my thanks sincere,
To ev'ry individual here ;
May Modesty, that princely grace,
Embellish ev'ry human face :
And may a modest lady fair,
Propitious fall to each man's share,
To be the comfort of his life,
A loving mother, and a wife.

ELEGY on JAMES ROBB, Captain of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh.

GARLICK and onions, aid my woe,
Ye crocodiles, your tears let flow,
And * Stirling-castle's large head now,
Pour forth its streams, as rivers do;
For CAPTAIN ROBB is now no more
A goaler, on this mortal shore.

How pale now lies his lovely nose,
Which wont to shine like scarlet rose;
That nose, which always pity smelt,
And soft as butter then would melt;
Now, like its kindred whisky, blue,
No more assumes carnation hue.

Let Stirling-castle loud rebound
The minute-guns, the mortal sound:
The mourning flag aloft display,
To aid the sorrow of the day.

Ye offspring of the royal Dane,
Assisting join the dreary train.
To † Wilsons ay a lasting friend,
From his commencement to his end;
On you he pour'd his favours down,
And brought forth blessings on our town;
But now he's gone, without relief,
To lodge with ev'ry goaler's *chief*.

The baps he had from honest baker,
Were full of conscience, as their maker:
His ale it bore a wat'ry bell,
For brewers stole it from the well,

L

* A large headed writer from the town of Stirling, who prosecuted Captain Robb, for acts of oppression, exercised in his Tolbooth. The most meritorious action of that petty-fogger's whole life.

† He was Chancellor of Andrew Wilson's Jury, and gave the casting-vote to send him to Elysium, which was the occasion of the unhappy affair of Captain Porteous, that gave Edinburgh, and all Scotland, much trouble; and was a stumbling-block to many of our clergy.

And chas'd it thro' the draffy *malt*,
 Lest gaugers should espy the fault;
 His whisky, of a limpid hue,
 Somewhat inclining to a blue,
 He sold as cheap as Clearihue.
 And let me die, as I'm a sinner,
 He had himself as good a dinner,
 As ever any man was able,
 To place upon a provost's table.
 And if his pris'ners did not eat,
 I'm sere they could not blame the meat.
 And for room-rent, as † Penny said,
 The de'il a farthing e'er they paid,
 Until his tenants were to flit,
 And then he shook his note for it.
 No captain ever bore command,
 On war-ship-board, or on dry-land,
 More absolute than this our hero,
 Is here attested by *Claudero*.

CLAUDERO to Mr. WILLIAM PETER,
Taylor.

GOOD Mr. Stitch, if 'tis your pleasure,
 To come and take of me the measure:
 I will confess the obligation,
 And cringe unto a taylor's station.
 Let any one say what they can,
 I'll swear a taylor's more than man.
 I can no more go decent out,
 My coat is such an arrant clout.
 And am now such a naked lown,
 That I out-do the fam'd Tom Brown.
 Fly to my aid,---your art come shew it.
 Mount, like a prince, a naked poet.

† Pennecuik, the famous Scots poet, his *ticker* for the tollbooth of Edinburgh.

Besides, good Mr. William Peter
 Shall not be paid with scrapes of metre;
 But I'll reward your gen'rous toil,
 With what will make your pot to boil.
 Tho' Satan should piss in the fire,
 Cash will conjure him to retire.

Edinburgh, October 20th, 1767.

To the Good Town of Edinburgh, A Poem.

On the Restoration of Peace and Tranquillity.

DISCORD, fly on sooty pinions,
 To your gloomy dire dominions;
 For LAURIE, now our potent Lord,
 Engageth all to sweet concord.
 Let palms of honour wreath his brow;
 Laurels to him are justly due:
 His mild command and splendid ray,
 Dispels our clouds, and clears our day.
 The muse, herself, beneath his wing,
 Feels all the ardour of the spring:
 In strains sincere she swells each note,
 While echo bursts from ev'ry throat.
 The graces wait upon his train,
 All hail the sweets of his domain:
 Refulgent beams, of divine birth,
 Descend from heav'n to bless our earth.
 But who shall represent, with grace,
 Edina in the senate place,
 And fill that elevated station,
 With all a patriot's reputation?
 Replies the GOOD-MAN of the city,
 " I think it would be much a pity,
 " That we should favour the petition
 " Of any man of mere ambition:
 " I hope we ne'er shall be so shameless,
 " To act like towns that shall be nameless:

" Let it be our peculiar praise,
 " To 'scape the censure of these days,
 " To scorn the low intriguing spirit,
 " And give our voice unask'd to merit.
 " Birth, fortune, parts, at once conspire,
 " To form the patriot we desire ;
 " Nor need conjecture wander far hence,
 " Edina cries—My son Sir LAURENCE."
 But stop, O muse! cease to digress,
 Come, sing the Good Town's happiness.
 Arches superb, from hill to hill,
 Rise by the hands of Deacon Mill :
 * Our royal CHARLES into his station,
 Receives a second restoration,
 While corporations, of the town,
 Lay all their strifes and jarring down.
 To join the silver Frith of Forth,
 New Ed'nburgh rises on the north,
 And structures grand start all around ;
 Which LAURIE's praises loud resound.
 Let London brick-walls hide their head,
 Nor e'er compare with north the Tweed ;
 Where buildings may invite a court,
 As formerly, now to resort.
 May grand canals join Forth and Clyde,
 May trade resort and here reside ;
 May Scotia's REIKIE always flourish,
 And LAURIE long her children nourish,
 May better bards, his works applaud,
 It will give pleasure untò CLAUD.

* The Statue in the Parliament Close.

*An ADDRESS, to the Right Honourable,
the Lord Provost, Magistrates, Town-Coun-
cil and Citizens of Edinburgh ; upon the
election of Sir LAURENCE DUNDAS, 27th
March, 1768.*

WHILST *London* town, resounds her *Wilkes's* name,
Scorching allegiance, with her patriot flame,
Whilst *Oxford*, still for blackest arts renown'd,
Maintains her fame, and bravely keeps her ground ;
Whilst *Jedburgh* town, a standing mark appears,
Of *wholesome justice*, as in former years ;
Whilst *Norland* lowns of ever venal name,
Consign their native walls to endless shame ;
Whilst *great mens tools*, in legal frays collide,
With English knavery fraught, and *Scottish* pride ;
Let us, my happy friends (for well we may)
Congratulate ourselves, and hail the day.

No sneaking bribes, our honest hands have ting'd,
No private views our liberties infring'd ;
Nor learned in distinctions have we known,
Our country's weal to differ from our own :
Merit alone can our esteem engage !
And venal tricks excite our patriot rage.
Long may such sentiments inflame our souls,
(Whilst neither knave nor fool, their force controuls)
May sacred liberty be still rever'd,
And decent worth continually preferr'd ;
May *gratitude*, to LAURIE and DUNDAS,
Erect a trophy, durable as brass.

THE CLINCHIAD.



*See CLINCHIE to the hen approach,
A scoundrel screen'd in gilded coach.*

NEAR to Edina's lofty town,
Upon a worthy Baron's ground,
A poor old woman pray'd to *Jove*,
That he might, from his wonted love,
Give her a hen, she'd give him praise,
And thank his Godship all her days.
Jove heard the pray'r unto *Amen*,
Then granted a most charming hen ;
Upon her dung-hill dropt the fowl,
Which pleas'd and cheer'd the widow's soul.

Just by her hovel liv'd a Lord,
With ev'ry grace and virtue stor'd :
He fed the poor, the orphan blest ;
This widow too, among the rest,
Receiv'd a sixpence ev'ry day,
As duly as her hen did lay.
The bard must glory here to clerk it,
And heav'n with pleasure view such market,
Our matron liv'd by this same hen,
As well as some folks by their pen ;
Till CLINCHIE, scourge of human race,
Replete with wealth and damn'd disgrace,
Did on a day, by fate unlucky,
Cast his curs'd eyes on keckling chuckie.

He try'd to purchase, but in vain,
She would by no means sell her hen ;

From whence, said she, shall come my dinner,
 If you take chuckie, my bread-winner,
 But CLINCHIE, as the devil greedy,
 Regardless of the poor and needy,
 Resolv'd to steal the widow's hen,
 Tho' hell should be his portion then :
 The dirty rogue, with purpose vile,
 Contriv'd to catch her by a wile ;
 With hook and line he baited chuckie,
 And basely stole her off from luckie.
 In his gilt car away he rode,
 Triumphant home to his abode,
 Where he bereav'd the hen of life ;
 Despising *Jove*, and the poor wife.

Proposed to have been continued on the following plan.

In second Canto, truth comes out,
 The wife with *Clinchie* has a bout ;
 She slaps his face with strangled hen,
 And calls him thief, and worst of men :
 Next to her Lord and Benefactor
 She represents the wicked actor,
 Who graciously attempts redress,
 By sentence of the court of Sefs.

In Canto third are many stories,
 To entertain both whigs and tories ;
 Achievements of infamous CLINCHIE,
 Who daily plays the game of Pinchie.
 You'll likewise in this Canto read
 How CLINCHIE cheapens a sheep-head ;
 And sev'ral other puny wares,
 Which may be call'd low life up stairs.

Our Canto fourth contains amours,
 His partnerships with bawds and whores.

*The BOOK-BINDER's GHOST; Or, the
Second Part of the CLINCHIAD, A Dread-
ful Tale.*

'TWAS at the dark, and midnight hour,
When mankind take repose,
That Braidwood enter'd Clinchie's bower
And stood before his nose.
With fiery eyes the spectre star'd
Upon the guilty man,
And with a speech, long, long prepar'd,
It fiercely thus began.
" From gloomy shades, my bloody corse
" Permitted waits on thee,
" To strike thy soul with dire remorse,
" For basely murd'ring me.
" What! tho' I check'd thy vile amour,
" In yonder bawdy cell;
" Why did'st thou bribe that son of whore,
" Now chimney-sweep of hell,
" To dash my brains with sooty pole,
" Upon EDINA's street;
" And send my unprepared soul,
" Prostrate to Satan's feet?
" Thy curs'd revenge and whoredoms great,
" Shall soon avenged be,
" And hell shall ope' its dreadful gate
" To welcome thee to me.
" Thy av'rice, theft and dirty tricks,
" Shall now meet their reward;
" And Charon waft thee o'er the Styx,
" To the infernal guard.
" The widow's hen, by heav'n design'd,
" To bring thy crimes in glib,
" And point thee out to all mankind;
" A Magor Missabib
" Should on thy coach fair painted be,
" That ev'ry one may shun

" Thy equipage, as infamy,
 " And from a rascal run.
 " Thy kindred far from having blame,
 " Might shine in honour's page:
 " 'Tis only CLINCHIE's manners lame
 " Which swells the spectre's rage.
 " Yet impudence sits on thy brow,
 " Thou scorn'st to be asham'd;
 " While ev'ry tongue swears all is true
 " For which thou art defam'd.
 " Assassination, dreadful thought!
 " Must shock each human breast.
 " The villain who can thus be bought,
 " Must forfeit all that's blest.
 " But now the dawning draweth nigh,
 " The cock begins to crow,
 " We phantoms, who on furlow fly,
 " Must then descend below."

N. B. *This is the last Number of the CLINCHIAD;*
as the Rake-hell Printer hath imposed on the town, by
thrusting his necessitous sickle into the harvest of CLAU-
DERO, and vended damn'd drunken nonsense.

An Epistle to Dr. GREENLAW.

THE buxom ladies of Parnassus,
 Are quite unlike our modern lasses,
 Who are a race of sordid b——s,
 That prostitute their charms to riches:
 Not so the gen'rous tuneful nine,
 Who to a humble poet deign,
 Their inspiration and their aid,
 As well by day as night in bed;
 From lame Claudero back to Homer,
 They with the bards have dealt in honour;
 Disdaining none, however poor,
 Who whistled them unto their lure.

All hail ! ye gentle ladies meek,
 Who measure lines as poets speak,
 Assist me now with quaint excuse,
 From going to a tipling house :
 Tell Greenlaw, he's an old divine,
 With empty pockets like to mine,
 And that to fuddle without money,
 Tastes more of aloes than the honey;
 Prose beggars too, like those in verse,
 May chance to get a kicked a——e.
 If this sad fact does not prevail
 To wean him from the gin and ale,
 Next tell him, *Claud* is very busy,
 And wedded to a wicked hussy,
 Whose yelping brats absorb his store,
 While the damn'd threw still craves for more,
 And that the plagues of human life
 All centre in a cursed wife.
 If such excuses will not do,
 Then lastly tell what's surely true,
 Claud has no money.—There's the gulf,
 Nor knows an ale-wife that will trust.

*An Epistle to a young Gentleman, dissuading
 him from entering into Holy Orders.*

INSPIR'D with friendship, fly, O muse !
 To greet my Genius, a recluse !
 Opprest, o'erwhelm'd with sullen grief——
 Hasten—now, or never, give relief.——
 Say, could a mitre or a gown,
 Uncloud thy brow, unlock thy frown ?
 I wish thee these.—What would'st thou more ?
 Is gold thy thirst ? I wish thee store.—
 If heav'n grant these unto thy mind,
 Would'st thou be still my friend, and kind ?
 My jealous fears suggest the worst,
 And then I wish preferments curst.——

Be ever still within my reach,
 For foxes have been said to preach,
 I'd rather see thee with a sword,
 Than with a bible serve the Lord ;
 Or poring o'er the Scottish code
 To serve the lieges and thy God,
 Than in a pulpit *holderforth*,
 To whining creatures void of worth ;
 Besides, perhaps, it is not civil,
 On Sundays to abuse the devil ;
 Who, notwithstanding, keeps the field,
 And he'll be damn'd before he yield.

To the same.

QUICK saddle your mare, to Auld Reikie repair,
 For my muse is confoundedly dull ;
 But your pious face will inspire me with grace,
 And enliven my insipid skull,

My brave boy, &c.

Besides dear M-----d, your * cause will be dead,
 Old *Greenlaw* too, drown'd in despair ;
 Nor longer can *Claud* your conduct applaud ;
 So haste away, mount on your mare,

My brave boy, &c.

The oister in season will bring you to reason,
 With other fine cates of our town ;
 Strong beer too and wine, will inspire the divine,
 And dispel from your noddle the frown,

My brave boy, &c.

A snap at a whore, your ailments may cure,
 And substitute claps in their place ;
 For clergy are wont to dip in the font,
 And preach up the doctrine of grace,

My brave boy, &c.

M 2

* A law-suit before the Court of Session.

The Cock-Sparrow and Goose, A Fable.

A Goose there was in Glasgow town,
 For beauty fam'd, a buxom lown,
 Near which a sparrow had his hole,
 A lech'rous bird, upon my soul.

He knew the goose was often tread
 By ganders large, tho' she was wed,
 And that her lust was of such sort,
 She'd welcome ev'ry bird of sport.
 This fierce cock-sparrow left his nest,
 To tread the goose among the rest.
 He hung his wings around her tail,
 On which the goose did low her sail.
 He bill'd about, ador'd her charms;
 And then she gaggled forth her terms.

"Go rob thy nest, my little cock,
 "And bring to me thy feather'd stock;
 "Then in my egg-bed thou mayst stray,
 "And drench in lust both night and day.
 "Thy parts, unequal form'd for mine
 "As a snuff-box to brewers nine;
 "Or as a trout in a mill-dam
 "I altogether in will cram;
 "Then lustily I'll shake my tail
 "'Till all thy sparrow-spirits fail."

The cock agreed, then rais'd his crest,
 And filip'd round the gander's nest,
 He perch'd into her lusty hole,
 To see him top the goose was droll.
 Like weather cock above a church,
 Or a small bell o'er a large porch;
 Sure such a sight was never seen.
 May God preserve our king and queen.

T H E M O R A L.

The dwarf and giant, black and white,
 Base whores admit for perquisite.

FINGAL'S LAMENT, *on account of his
whole Household-furniture being poynded by
a cruel Brewer.*

TO friends attent, my sad lament,
I with dool and sorrow roar;
These naked walls for pity call,
And grieve my heart full fore.

My children too, stand in my view,
For help they look on me;
My wife, the plague too of my life,
Comforted cannot be.

For madness keen, I've blister'd been,
They laud'num pour'd in me;
Nor was I spar'd the city-guard,
And bedlam threat'ned me.

I'm a Highlandman from a martial clan,
And bred to the claymore;
In foreign land with heart in hand,
I've seen my en'mies gore.

May ev'ry curse with an empty purse,
O Cairnton, light on thee:
May the Devil teaze and quickly seize
Thyself as thou didst me.

May gaugers poynd, for their excise,
Thy copper and mash-tun,
And may they come, to thy surprise,
To do as thou hast done.

May the arrow broad, the curse of God,
Which 'stablish'd first excise,
Upon thy door be fixed sure,
There to remain always.

And if for debt, thy final fate,
 Thou shalt be e'er oppress'd;
 May thou such aid have full repaid,
 Like Fingal be redrest.

*A Card, in Answer to one who reprimanded
 Claudero, for not praying vociferously, like
 a female neighbour of his.*

TH^{O'} my neighbour, with mighty noise,
 On bended knees lifts up her voice,
 That all around may hear her well,
 Mistake devotion for a yell;
 Yet the best of men in ages all,
 With privacy on God did call,
 Not regarding mens opinion,
 The sole design of every minion.
 May all men pray, as God commands,
 With holy heart, and upright hands,
 Our actions all ought pray'rs to be,
 God damns and hates hypocrisy.

THE HEN-PECKT CARTER.

COME here, brother Carters, adhere to my plan,
 Sling your whips on your shoulders, and sing my
 Joan;
 She's handsome and witty, the flow'r of our land,
 To cross her were pity my charming Joan.

I yield her the breeches, am no longer man;
 This favour too small for the sake of Joan;
 I scour her the kail-pot and the parridge-pan,
 And I tickle the fancy of charming Joan.

The bargains I make too shall no longer stand,
If they're disapprov'd by my charming Joan ;
Each hair of her fud is the length of a span,
What fud can compare with the fud of Joan ?

May my loaded cart sink deep in the sand,
If e'er I forsake the charmer Joan ;
To pleasure her always I'll do what I can,
At evening and morning I'll humour Joan.

Nor shall any huffy my passion trepan,
For I am devoted to lovely Joan ;
Then farewell, ye carters, my life's but a span,
And I'll spend it all in caressing Joan.

Ye critics, forbear my verses to scan,
The numbers unequal that chime my Joan;
For love warms the fancy and leads on the van,
When the carter attempts the praise of Joan.

(A Technical Song.)

Every two lines to be chorus'd, as the first two.

O Had you well frae Geordie Bell,
Ye go and ago;
There's few folks dafter than himsel',
Irum corum dage.

As thro' Edina's streets he walks,
Right technically Geordie talks.
The arteries he can well trace,
And ilka muscle o' the face.
The nerves and bones *et cetera*,
The motion of the blood-an' a';
The structure of the penis too,
And the vagina thro' and thro'.
Let Geordie view a calcin'd bone,
He calls it *caput mortuum*.
His principles are somewhat odd,
For he's a Christian antipode.

" To hear him of his travels talk,
 " To gang to London's, but a walk ;
 " To see the wonders of the deep
 " Wou'd make a man baith wail and weep ;
 " To see the leviathan skip
 " And wi' her tail ding o'er a ship.
 Upon the gang-way Geordie stood,
 Contemplating the briny flood ;
 To freshen't † was not in his pow'r,
 To stay in London too was sour.
 Then homewards Geordie bent his way,
 And told his travels many a day ;
 The inversion of his guts was great,
 His intestines in a bad state.
 The peristaltic motion too,
 Of Geordie's guts did make him spue.
 Mindereri spirit did him good,
 By sweating the morbid blood.
 Now Geordie's found as any trout
 And has his cow ty'd in a clout.

By inspection of an auld wife's burn
 He prognosticate a large fuck worm ;
 He gave pulvis stanni mix'd with curd,
 Which made her pass it in a turd.
 It was forty yards in length he swore,
 But Geordie wont to lie before.
 Geordie Bell fond on the game,
 Did stitch until his awl fell lame.
 His member weeps now night and day,
 And mourns that e'er he went astray.
 But now my sonnet here shall end,
 For fools like Geordie seldom mend.
 O saw ye e'er the Potter-row

Ye go and ago,
 Where Geordie slang his last awa',
 Irum corum dago.

† Geordie pretended, that he had by a chemical process discovered the method of freshening sea water in abundance, which, had he succeeded in, he would have deserved a statue.

